

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MARCH, 1876.

JOHN TODD: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

HARPER AND BROTHERS have recently issued an interesting volume, bearing the above title. This work is made up by his son, Rev. John E. Todd, from the letters and published writings of his father, and is therefore autobiographical in its nature. It records the struggles of a youth, who, without friends, without money, and with limited early advantages, pushed his way through Yale College and Andover Theological Seminary, and became a popular author and lecturer, as well as one of the most distinguished divines which New England Congregationalism has ever produced.

Dr. Todd was born in 1800, and was the son of a physician. The days of his childhood were clouded by the insanity of his mother, whose reason was dethroned by the intelligence that her husband had been killed by a fractious horse. The news proved not to be true, the husband being almost miraculously saved, but the wife never recovered her reason. In a short interval of sanity, his mother, in the only lesson she ever gave him, impressed upon the mind of her little boy, that there was a great God who made all things, and that he had given him an immortal spirit, whom he must love and serve forever. At the age of six, the father died, leaving the little boy worse than parentless. While on his sick-bed, the father requested his son to

go to the apothecary's for some medicine. Finding the shop shut, and not feeling inclined to seek the apothecary at his house, the boy returned home, and being questioned as to the medicine, replied that the man had none. The father, suspecting from his manner that he was not telling the truth, said, "My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine." When they told him that his father could not speak, he rushed to the apothecary's and returned with the medicine; but it was too late, his father was beyond the reach of medical aid; and "the last thing his little son had spoken to him was to tell a lie." "How much," says he, "would I have given to say to him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand upon my head and forgive me."

Poor little John could not make a decent appearance at his father's funeral for want of a pair of shoes, but a kind neighbor supplied the want, and, with the shoes, bestowed such an amount of motherly advice upon the boy, that it is recorded of her, years afterward, that, though she is scarcely remembered, the words that she dropped still live, and, no doubt, had much to do in the forming of the character of a minister of Christ.

A home with an aunt, near the shores of Long Island Sound, introduced him to new scenes and associations. There was no Sunday-school in those days, but, at

noon on the Sabbath, the children were drawn up in front of the deacon's seat to repeat the Assembly's catechism. Thus he was early indoctrinated in the severest principles of Calvinism. In this place "he worked hard for his food and for a part of his clothing." The first Sunday hat he ever owned was the fruit of trapping mink and muskrat skins. His first purchase (for which he ran in debt, and was a long time in paying) was a cane fish-pole, which was too long to get into the house, and for which he had no use, there being no pond within miles of his home. The sun splitting it, he endeavored to turn it into a flute, but no sound came therefrom; he next tried to convert it into canes; broke and spoiled his knife, but found no person who wanted such a support. It was many years before he heard the last of his nice long fishing-pole. The incident of the fishing eagle, which so many school children have read with interest from their Reader, made an impression upon his mind, and "gave his decision of character an increase which was felt in subsequent years." The day after seeing the eagle surmount her difficulties, he announced his determination to go to college some day; an announcement that was received with a shout of ridicule that was afterward succeeded by opposition. At twelve years of age, he walked ten miles, to live with his uncle, where he could enjoy better school advantages. A year and a half hence, we watch him on a pedestrian tour from Guilford, Connecticut, to Boston. A cousin of his father had offered him a home, and a good school to attend; and, with seventy-five cents in his pocket, and a small bundle of clothes under his arm, as his whole worldly possession, he journeyed through a whole week, sometimes sleeping by the road-side, protected by a fence or cedar-bush from the November frosts. He received a kindly welcome from his cousin, and set about making himself useful around the house. When he could earn a little money with his wood-saw, he used it to purchase school-books. How many boys at the present

time are sufficiently anxious to obtain an education to pass day after day as he did: "rising at six, making fires, and sawing wood till the eight o'clock breakfast; studying from five to six hours; running of errands at intervals; writing for his employer all the evening, and sleeping but seven hours out of the twenty-four?"

In 1817, Mr. Todd made a public profession of religion, and joined the Church in Charlestown. From this time onward his great desire was "to do good." His ambition for a collegiate course was now rekindled. His friends discouraged him, told him that he had not talent sufficient to become a scholar; that he might make a good business man, which it would be a pity to spoil. The Fall of 1818 saw him return to Connecticut, in the same courageous spirit, and by the same mode of travel, in which he had gone three years before,—afoot, with his entire wardrobe under one arm and his entire library under the other,—in order to present himself for examination at Yale College. Sleeping at night under a cedar-bush, he arrived, the morning after his examination, at the house of his uncle, in Guilford, with but a single cent in his pocket. Summer and Winter, vacation and term time, he taught school, without losing a single recitation; and at the end of the first college year had earned a hundred and sixty dollars, and gained a position in his class. At Hotchkisstown, where he taught a day-school, he established a Sabbath-school, which, at first, was much ridiculed and even opposed. Hard study, constant teaching, religious labor and excitement, exposure and insufficient fare, began at length to tell upon his iron constitution, and he was obliged to leave college. His friends contributing the means, he journeyed northward, but was little improved. Showing strong consumptive tendencies, he was advised to go South for the Winter, and sought the balmy air of Charleston, South Carolina, where he was kindly treated, and was made the recipient of a gift of fifty dollars and an order for

books to a considerable amount. The good people, who were "interested in the sick young man that had dedicated himself to the ministry, supposed that he would procure with the order some very pious and profitable works, but were not a little scandalized to find that, among other books of a scarcely more theological character, he had chosen a copy of 'Shakespeare.'"

At the end of four months his health was nearly restored, and the kind friends that he had made there, buying him a horse, with saddle and bridle, and putting a purse of one hundred dollars in his hands, sent him away, with the best wishes. He returned to college, and, in spite of poverty, sickness, and hard work, went through the remainder of his course, and, out of a class of seventy-seven, was one of the few appointed to speak on the Commencement stage.

In drawing a comparison between Yale and Williams College, for the benefit of an inquirer, he writes: "Both are good; but if I were poor, and had to feed myself with one hand and hold my book with the other, I should go to Williams. However, a man who wills it can go anywhere, and do what he determines to do. We must make ourselves, or come to nothing. We must swim off, and not wait for any one to come and put corks under us."

In 1822, Dr. Todd, "with health improved, with college debts paid, with an established reputation and character, and with a host of friends," entered Andover Theological Seminary for the three years' course. Here he became "buried up in theology," but found time to do a good deal of literary work. "During a Seminary vacation, while sojourning for a time in a small village, he was called upon to make some remarks before a small gathering of persons for religious worship. He did so, and, on returning to Andover, was severely reprimanded by the Faculty, for violating the rule against preaching without a license. Being required to make, in their presence, an expression of contrition for his misde-

meanor, he demurred not, but, rising, with downcast eyes and a countenance expressive of the deepest sorrow, said: 'I, John Todd, in the presence of this august assembly, with feelings of the deepest contrition and repentance, do express my most heart-felt regret and sorrow for having, in a small school-house, in the village of ———, exhorted the people to repentance, and to seek their eternal salvation through God, and of such crime may I be pardoned.'" This ludicrous exhibit of the Seminary rule doubtless had its effect, as the ban was shortly afterward removed, and the students, before being regularly licensed, were allowed to preach, with permission from the Faculty.

While a student at Andover, he was at times employed by the American Tract Society to edit certain of its publications, and also by neighboring editors, to fill temporary vacancies on the editorial staff. The subjoined sketch (found on page 127), written at the age of twenty-four, while he was yet a student, gives a lively illustration of his imaginative style, and shows the secret of his future popularity as a writer and speaker:

"I was walking out a few mornings since in company with a friend,—it was a clear cold morning,—when I saw a bird flying about fifty rods distant. It was a blue jay. Presently I noticed a hawk coming very leisurely, and looking about for a breakfast. At once he dove down and struck the poor jay, which set up a most pitiful yell, as if already in the clutches of a hangman. The blow of Mr. Hawk broke the wing of Mr. Jay, and they both dropped toward the ground together. The hawk now seized the jay with his claws, and in return his friend jay seized him also in his, at the same time keeping up a most dismal screaming. On seeing and hearing the poor jay, I dropped cloak, off hat, kicked off overshoes, jumped over the wall, which fell down as a kind of chorus, and away I ran to relieve neighbor Jay, for I can never bear to see oppression. Mr. Hawk, seeing me coming, undertook to be off;

but no, the jay would not unclinch his claws and let him off, and the poor hawk (not having been to breakfast, and probably having lived rather abstemiously the day preceding) had not sufficient strength to fly off with his load; and so, after running a good long stretch, I caught them both. It was my first feeling to kill the murderer hawk, and let his captive go free; but I thought I would spare his life awhile in order to see their behavior; and truly I was much pleased to witness the difference in their dispositions. I brought them both up to the Seminary, and introduced them into my room. The jay was a complete dandy, dressed in a light-blue coat, spotted vest, light small-clothes, red stockings, a full ruffle in his bosom, and a high hat, which he could take off or put on as he pleased; his eye small and black; neck long and slender. From the first moment of my catching him, he appeared to be the most ungrateful, uncivil, and ungentelemanly knave I ever met with, and withal a most arrant coward. He kept up an almost constant yell; would try to pick out the hawk's eyes, would seize him by the throat, and make no bones of biting me, his deliverer, every time he could. In short, he was a most contemptible, revengeful, malicious, rattle-headed, mean, cowardly creature, and could be excelled in villainy only by a dandy without feathers. I never met a more despicable fellow,—too cowardly to live, too mean to be killed. Monsieur Hawk, on the contrary, was a most dignified personage. He was dressed in a plain, Quaker-like suit of gray, nothing shining or artificial about him; a large, piercing eye, a short, solid neck, a flat-crowned hat, and a true Roman nose finishes his picture. As soon as I caught him, he showed a character really great. He looked me steadily in the eye, was calm, composed. He never opened his mouth to complain, as if he was afraid of suffering; never begged for life, as if a coward. When the jay would yell and peck at him, and try to pull out his eyes, he would only turn his head, and look at him with a countenance

so full of gravity and contempt, that I really felt small for the jay. Moreover, he never tried to bite or scratch me; and when I threatened him with death, he seemed to look at it with all the fortitude and composure of a *Regulus*. To be sure, he was caught in an act of aggressive warfare; but then he was driven by necessity, and he seemed to know what was really dignified. In a word, he behaved so much like a gentleman and a hero, and I admired his magnanimity so much, that, after bestowing many cautions and much sage advice (which he received with the most profound gravity and attention), I let him go out of the window. His greatness and nobleness of demeanor was such that I had no heart to kill him. As for Mr. Jay, he was too contemptible to die, and I soon sent him off also; and he went squealing and yelling and growling, as if I had done him a great injury in saving him from the hawk. My classmates laughed at me for sparing their lives, especially that of the hawk; but I stopped them by saying that I regretted that I did not keep the hawk to instruct the Seminary in politeness and manners, and the jay for a living exhibition of depravity."

The young student's first accepted call was as assistant pastor to a Church in Groton, Massachusetts, where Orthodoxy and Unitarianism, at that time, were each struggling for the mastery. He writes of his first sermon in that town: "About the time of my visit to Groton, a young lady had been disappointed in love. She attended meeting all day, and, I suppose, was deranged. On her return home, she said that I had preached at her all day. The consequence was, that the next day, or the next but one, she cut her throat. The Unitarians soon spread the report that the poor girl was scared into suicide by my brimstone sermon." The Orthodox or Congregational portion of his Groton flock soon withdrew from the old Church, built a new house, and invited Mr. Todd to become their pastor. He thus sums up the result of the first eight months' labor in that place: "The

slumber of generations had been broken as by the last trumpet. In eight short months the greater part of the old Church had been roused to do their duty; a revival had brought one hundred and sixteen to inquire the way of life, and affected the whole community; a new Church of thirty members had been organized, and eighteen more stood propped for admission; a class of two or three hundred were studying the Bible; a new meeting-house had been built and stood ready to be dedicated; and the man who had been the means of accomplishing all this was about to enter its pulpit as its settled pastor."

On January 3, 1827, the new church was solemnly dedicated to the worship of the Triune God, and, in the afternoon of the same day, the young pastor was consecrated to his work, Dr. Lyman Beecher preaching the ordination sermon. A revival followed, in which the strength of the minister was so much exhausted that it became necessary for him to take a vacation. His inclinations led him, as they had frequently done before, to a little town in Connecticut, where, on the evening of March 11th, he led to the hymeneal altar "the fairest girl of the village, and the sweetest singer in the choir." Mrs. Todd was a woman of acknowledged beauty and talent, with unusual social gifts, yet she cheerfully sacrificed these "to the care of a poor minister's large family, and to the work of helping forward her husband's success."

In Dr. Todd's historical sermon, delivered in the last year of his life, he pays a tribute to her worth (page 511), which it seems especially fitting to transcribe into the pages of a woman's magazine: "And here I want to say, emphatically, that, if ever I have accomplished any thing, ever avoided mistakes, ever in any degree honored the Master, I greatly attribute it to an influence which men are not always prompt to acknowledge. In my home has been a life swallowed up in my success, willing to be unknown and out of sight; unwearied in giving encouragement and arousing to effort;

prompt and cheerful in concealing my defects, and in covering my deficiencies; kind to apologize for what could not be approved; uncomplaining when worn down by heavy burdens such as few are called to bear; more than ready to be unselfish, and to wear out, that others might profit by my labors. I say that it is there, in that life, I have found the source and cause of all I have done. O, wife of my youth! many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all!"

The only house that could be obtained for the young couple was "a great barn of a thing, out of repair and commanding a high rent." After a few months' trial of it, Mr. Todd expressed the opinion that "it is the most villainous house that ever stood with so respectable a character." In it their first child was born and died. Shortly after their removal to a more convenient and comfortable dwelling, "there began to be rumors that the house which they had left was haunted. It stood empty, and strange noises were heard in it. Sometimes it would seem to be filled with groans, then again with sighs, and the patter of little feet would be heard, and then the wails of an infant." The neighborhood was fearfully excited, and no one dared to enter the house even in the day-time. "As I had occupied the house last," proceeds Mr. Todd, "and as my child had died there, it was natural that I should hear of it, and though I believe no one actually accused me of murder, yet they shook their heads and arched their brows, and thought the whole thing wonderfully strange." As the "hints became louder, and the whispers deeper, and the murmurs clearer," Mr. Todd thought it wise to investigate the matter. So he procured the keys, and went toward the house, the neighbors gathering around the front door to watch the result. "The rats had made the house their headquarters; gnawing the floors, tearing the paper from the walls, scattering the plaster, and leaving their little foot-prints very abundantly." But those

groans! The house was as silent as the tomb, and continued so till the door of the chamber, where the child had died, was opened. Then there was a sharp, deep groan, repeated after an interval. Mr. Todd went to the chimney, tore away the fire-board, and looked up; and there, just in the throat of the fire-place, was—not a ghost, but—a shingle that had been blown into the chimney, and had fallen down and been lodged in the throat, so that it could swing backward and forward; and when the wind blew, it would groan sharp or shrill or loud, according to the strength of the wind. "I took pains to call up the people and put back the fire-board; made them hear the groans; took it away again, showed the shingle, and how it rattled and groaned; then took it away, and put things back, and there were no more groans. A little ratsbane scattered on the floor stopped the pattering of little feet, and the house ceased to be haunted! And yet it was haunted as really as any one ever was, I verily believe."

Like determination and courage would doubtless have set forever at rest the rumors concerning the Wesley house, by finding the natural cause of the unnatural noises said to have been heard there. But that was an age of superstitious dread, and ghosts were allowed to stalk about without question.

In January, 1833, Dr. Todd left Groton, and went to Northampton, to organize a new Church. He remained there three years, doing a good work for his Church, and publishing his "Student's Manual," and his "Lectures to Children," the proceeds of which, and of all his literary labor, were devoted to the care of his deranged mother.

During the year 1836, he was called to the city of Philadelphia, to assist in organizing the first Congregational Church ever gathered in that city, and, soon after, was unanimously chosen pastor of that society, to his surprise and against his wishes. This Church, not appearing to be needed where Presbyterianism (differing from it only in polity) had such a strong

hold, succumbed under the financial depression of the year 1837, and its members were subsequently scattered among other sects. Mr. Todd remained with the Church till 1841, when, their house of worship being sold under a foreclosure of mortgage, he asked for a dismissal, and left his city parish to find another among the Berkshire hills, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Here he lived and labored for the next thirty and one years. On attaining his seventieth year, he sent in his resignation of active duties to his people, who voted to accept his proposition,—to take effect January, 1873. He replied to them that he would attempt to meet their wishes on condition that, if his bodily powers gave out (of which he was to judge), or if his mental powers failed (of which they were to judge), he would stop at any time. Writing to a friend in 1872, he says: "I write and preach, and preach and write, and seem to be like an old frigate rolling in the trough of the sea, not quite in harbor and not in a condition to bound off on a new voyage. My people throw up their caps and cry, 'O, he never preached as well as he does now.' But I know better." "Won't it be a new feeling that you have done your poor work of life, and are now like a piece of soiled foam upon the waters, only waiting to have the waves recede, and leave it to dry upon the sand?" "Now do n't go to pity me as a venerable, bent, crooked, trembling, whining, feeble old man, for I walk without a cane, write and read without my glasses, have the Nimrodic fever once a year, and hie away into the forests, carrying prog and gun."

A few days after writing this letter, he was stricken with paralysis in a slight measure, and thereupon asked for a release from active service. His parish granted this request, and unanimously voted that he should have the house in which he resided as long as he lived, and that his salary should continue unaltered. Toward the close of the year, his successor was installed, upon which occasion he writes: "I have a feeling of great

loneliness, having just seen my successor settled over my flock. I feel like one attending his own funeral, and seeing another man coming and marrying his own wife,—like standing bolt upright and seeing one's self turned into a shadow,—like the commander of a great ship seeing himself turning into a figure-head."

During his thirty-one years' pastorate in Pittsfield, he records that he had administered over five hundred baptisms, attended over nine hundred funerals, labored in six great revivals, and admitted over one thousand into the Church.

The labor of the man is before us. His temperament, his early training, his hard-earned education, all conspired to make him self-reliant, and to give him full consciousness of, and confidence in, his own powers. The aggressive nature of his pastorates in Groton, Northampton, and Philadelphia, "where he had been called to assail the old and established order of things, to pull down walls long reared, and with the materials build anew," no doubt intensified his self-confidence, and aroused within him a belligerent spirit which determined him to conquer, or die in the attempt. Moreover, it seems to be the tendency of Congregationalism to render a talented and successful minister an autocrat in no small degree.

Every Congregational Church, though seemingly a purely republican institution, is, in fact, by virtue of its independence of sister Churches, a little kingdom, having for its monarch the pastor, for its prime ministers the deacons.

A pastor, who, for a whole generation rules over such a kingdom, becomes so interwoven with its every interest, that he, unconsciously perhaps, tightens his hold upon the reins of state, and attempts to guide whithersoever he will.

Thus a man of a boldness and independence of character like that possessed by Dr. Todd is awakened to a full consciousness of his own powers, and endeavors to make the best use of them.

"The confidence which he had in himself," says a reviewer, "sometimes appears to have been too obvious to be pleasant." But this fault lies with the compiler, who has given to the world the thoughts, feelings, and desires expressed in confidence by his father to his dearest friends. Who of us would thus like to have our correspondence laid bare to a cold and captious public?

The literary labors of Dr. Todd were very great, but were never suffered to encroach upon his duties as a preacher. He became a popular author, as it would seem, almost by accident, as even he himself could never account for the great demand for his writings. His "Lectures to Children" was translated into several different languages, and became a school-book for liberated slaves in Sierra Leone. The "Student's Manual" has done a noble work; and his "Sunday-school Teacher," with his "Scripture Question-books," have proved equally as popular in England as in America. A work written in 1867, entitled "Woman's Rights," elicited from the pungent pen of Gail Hamilton, her work entitled, "Woman's Wrongs—a Counter-irritant."

His "Stories Illustrating the Shorter Catechism" were rendered popular in Calvinistic Sunday-schools by the love story deftly interwoven with the explanations of the difficult questions propounded by the Westminster Assembly, but had little or no effect in the endeavor to simplify those incomprehensible mysteries for the capacities of children.

N. C. WENTWORTH.

EBB AND FLOW.

[Founded on a belief which exists all along the wild Welsh coast, that no dying soul can be freed except at the ebb of the tide, and no child can be born but when the sea is coming in.]

THE old race dwellers in the western land,
Where the Atlantic thunders on the rocks,
Know more of ocean's mystery than we;
And think and care not, that our science mocks
The old world folk-lore; hear, then, what they say
Of how souls come, and how they pass away.

Deep, low, and wide,
Flows in the tide;
Up-filling the caves;
Bright, fresh, and free,
Rippling the sea,
Come white-crested waves!

Steady and full,
Without a lull,
On the great tide rolls;
And pure and fair,
Through the sea-air,
Float the baby souls.

And we bless the in-coming tide, and the anxious hearts rejoice,
For in the silent home is heard the sound of a baby voice.

Sad, faint, and low,
With throbs of woe,
Sobs backward the tide;
Moaning and sighing
For the dying,
Who yet have not died.

Men's souls must bide
Till ebbs of tide,
Ere they go to rest.
Unchained and free,
Out with the sea,
They pass to the west.

Surge and swirl the misty shadows,
Sweep like clouds above the deep;
Join the mists of the Atlantic,
Dimly seen as past they sweep.
Back with the retiring waters,
O'er the bosom of the main;
Back to the great God who made them,
Float the spirits once again.

And we bless the out-going tide, and our tired hearts find rest,
For our dear one's spirit has fled, and joined the souls of the blest.

SAINT CECILIA—A ROMANCE OF THE CATACOMBS.

ONE of the most beautiful legends of the Romish Church is the story of Saint Cecilia; a narrative in which fact and fiction are so strangely mingled that the heroine, seen through the vista of sixteen hundred years, seems enveloped in that sort of misty reality which hangs about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Beautiful exceedingly, a very lily among saints, is the fair traditional maiden, who, strangely enough, it would seem, has been regarded through all these centuries as the special patroness of music.

In the "Acts of Saint Cecilia," which many Roman Catholic authorities consider apochryphal, there is a long account of the life and martyrdom of this youthful saint, who is represented as having suffered A. D. 230. The peculiar romance of her story consists in her vow of self-consecration to the undivided service of God, made without the approval of her parents, who insisted upon her marriage to a noble young Roman, named Valerian. A strange and unexpected termination to the wedding festivities was the secret visit of the youthful couple to the dark and gloomy Catacombs, where Bishop Urban was hiding from his persecutors. In words of simple eloquence the heaven-devoted bride had told her husband of the vow which she held so sacred, and persuaded him to seek the counsels of the holy man, on the subject of their mutual devotion to a spiritual life on earth, in preparation for the never-ending joys of heaven.

Cecilia's beauty and saintliness triumphed over every feeling but that of wondering admiration; and the bridegroom obediently followed her, through the dark windings of those underground cemeteries, to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, of which gloomy retreat St. Jerome says a hundred years later: "When I was a boy, at Rome, being instructed in liberal studies, I was accustomed, with others of

the same age and disposition, to go on Sundays to the tombs of the apostles and martyrs, and often to go into the crypts, which, being dug out in the depths of the earth, have for walls, on either side of those who enter, the bodies of the buried; and they are so dark that the saying of the prophet seems almost fulfilled, 'The living descend into hell.'" The persecuted Bishop confirmed the maiden's arguments, and the young patrician returned to his house, purified and exalted by the interview, resolved to prove himself "Christ's soldier till his dying day." The next morning, his brother, who came to pay the newly married couple a visit, became a convert to their united eloquence; and the three lives were marvels of purity and self-devotion.

These beautiful lives, however, were of short duration on earth; a refusal to sacrifice to the gods of Rome was sufficient to procure them the glory of martyrdom. The two brothers suffered together, in the public place of execution, brave and firm to the last; and Maximus, an officer of the prefect, was converted by them on their way to death, and soon after shared their fate. Cecilia did not long survive. The order came that she should be stifled in the *caldarium*, or hot-air chamber of her baths. The order was carried out, and the saintly maiden entered the apartment of death; "but a heavenly air and cooling dews filled the chamber, and the fire built up around it produced no effect. For a whole day and night the flames were kept up, but the saint was unharmed. Then Almachius sent an order that she should be beheaded. The executioner struck her neck three times with his sword, and left her bleeding, but not dead, upon the pavement of the bath-room. For three days she lived, attended by faithful friends, whose hearts were cheered by her courageous constancy; 'for she did not cease to comfort those whom she had

nurtured in the faith of the Lord, and divided among them every thing which she had.' To Pope Urban, who visited her, as she lay dying, she left in charge the poor whom she had cared for, and her house, that it might be consecrated as a church. With this, her life ended. Her wasted body was reverently lifted, its position undisturbed, and laid, in the attitude and clothing of life, within a coffin of cypress-wood. The linen cloths with which the blood of the martyr had been soaked up were placed at her feet, with that care that no precious drop should be lost,—a care of which many evidences are afforded in the Catacombs. In the night the coffin was carried out of the city, secretly, to the cemetery of Calixtus, and there deposited by Urban in a grave, near to a chamber destined for the graves of the popes themselves."

Seven centuries passed on, when, according to the "Acts," above quoted, Pope Paschal I, who had gained considerable fame in bringing to light the bodies of saints who had long rested in the Catacombs,—no less than twenty-three hundred martyrs having been placed by him beneath the altars of St. Prassede, a "church which all lovers of Roman legend and art take delight in,"—became animated with the resolve to discover the body of Saint Cecilia, like the enthusiasm of the knights of old in quest of the Holy Grail. The Lombards were said to have stolen the precious casket, and no man knew of her sepulcher; the only clew was tradition, which placed it near the chamber of the popes. Paschal searched in vain, until the legendary dream, that always comes to untie the Gordian knot of such perplexities, came to him. This dream, according to his own account, ran thus:

On a certain day, in the church of St. Peter's, as he sat listening to the harmony of the morning service, drowsiness overcame him, and he fell asleep. As he was sleeping, a very beautiful maiden, of virginal aspect, and in a rich dress, stood before him, and, looking at him, said: "We return thee many thanks; but why,

without cause, trusting to false reports, hast thou given up the search for me? Thou hast been so near me that we might have spoken together."

The Pope, as if hurt by her rebuke, and doubtful of his vision, then asked the name of her who thus addressed him. "If thou seekest my name," she said, "I am called Cecilia, the handmaiden of Christ." "How can I believe this," was the reply, "since it was long ago reported that the body of this most holy martyr was carried away by the Lombards?" The saint then told him that, till this time, her body had remained concealed; but that now he must continue his search, for it pleased God to reveal it to him; and near her body he would also find other bodies of saints, to be placed with hers in her new-built church; and, saying this, she departed.

A fresh search was immediately begun. And soon after, "by the favor of God," says the enthusiastic narrator, "we found her, in golden garments; and the cloths with which her sacred blood had been wiped from her wounds, we found rolled up, and full of blood, at the feet of the blessed virgin."

A modern writer continues: "At the same time the bodies of Valerian, Tibertius, and Maximus, were found in a neighboring cemetery, and, together with the relics of Pope Urban, as well as the body of Saint Cecilia, were placed under the high altar of her church. The cypress coffin, in which she had been reverently laid at the time of her death, was preserved, and set within a marble sarcophagus. No expense was spared by the devout Paschal to adorn the church that had been so signally favored. All the art of the time—and at that time the arts flourished only in the service of the Church—was called upon to assist in making the new basilica magnificent. The mosaics which were set up to adorn the apse and the arch of triumph were among the best works of the century; and, with colors still brilliant, and design still unimpaired, they hold their place at the present day, and carry back the

thought and the imagination of the beholder a thousand years into the very heart of this old story. Under the great mosaic of the apse, one may still read the inscription, in the rude Latin of the century, which tells of Paschal's zeal and Rome's joy, closing with the line:

"Roma resultat ovans semper ornata per ævum."

Again the body of the martyr rested through centuries of repose; until, just upon the stroke of 1600, the basilica raised by Paschal was thoroughly restored by another relic-hunting ecclesiastic, the Cardinal Sfondrati. He desired to place the most valuable of his large collection under the high altar; and to do this, it was necessary to open the vault which contained the sarcophagi of Saint Cecilia and her companions. These were of white marble, and, upon lifting the heavy top of the first, the coffin of cypress-wood, always associated with the burial of the saint, was brought to view. The lid of this was reverently removed by the Cardinal himself; "and within the chest was found the body of the virgin, with a silken veil spread over her rich dress, on which could still be seen the stains of blood, while at her feet yet lay the bloody cloths which had been placed there more than thirteen centuries before. She was lying upon her right side, her feet a little drawn up, her arms extended and resting one upon the other, her neck turned so that her head rested upon the left cheek. Her form perfectly preserved, and her attitude of the sweetest virginal grace and modesty, it seemed as if she lay there asleep rather than dead. The second sarcophagus was found to contain three bodies, which were recognized as being, according to tradition, those of Valerian, Tibertius, and Maximus."

This wonderful preservation has, of course, been attributed, by Romish authors, to supernatural interposition; but it is well known that the soil of the Catacombs and of Rome contains antiseptic qualities, as the opening of other tombs has disclosed bodies in an equally perfect state; and "it was a frequent cus-

tom, chiefly in the fourth and fifth centuries, to bury the rich in sarcophagi, placed within tombs in the Catacombs."

The wonderful discovery of Saint Cecilia's body, perfect and entire, was hailed with enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the Eternal City; and the church was so thronged with crowds to view the sacred remains, that the Swiss guards were detailed to preserve order. The coffin was placed near a grating in the wall, between the church and the convent, and lamps were kept constantly burning around it. "There was no need of burning perfumes and incense near the sacred body," says the Romish chronicle, "for a sweetest odor breathed out from it, like that of roses and lilies."

A young sculptor, named Maderno, was employed, by Sfondrati, to make a statue of the saint as she was found lying in the cypress chest; and, inspired by the religious enthusiasm of the occasion, the sculptor produced a work "full of simple dignity, noble grace, and tender beauty. No other work of the time is to be compared with it. It is a memorial, not only of the loveliness of the saint, but of the self-forgetful, religious fervor of the artist, at a period when every divine impulse seemed to be absent from the common productions of art. Rome has no other statue of such sacred charm, none more inspired with Christian feeling. It lies in front of the high altar, disfigured by a silver crown and a costly necklace,—the offerings of vulgar and pretentious adoration; but even thus, it is at once a proof and prophecy of what art is to accomplish under the influence of the Christian spirit. The inscription that Sfondrati placed before the statue, still exists. It is as follows: 'Behold the image of the most holy virgin, Cecilia, whom I, Paul, Cardinal of the title of Saint Cecilia, saw lying perfect in her sepulcher; which I have caused to be made in this marble, in the very position of the body, for you.'"

The old coffin was placed, with solemn ceremonies, in a silver case; Clement

intoned the mass, and when the choir had chanted, *O beata Cecilia, quæ Almachium superasti, Tibertium et Valerianum ad martyrii coronam vocasti!* the body of the saint was restored to the vault, and buried for the third time.

About a score of years ago, the Cavaliere de Rossi accidentally discovered an entrance to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, long since buried under accumulated earth and rubbish; and as the burial place of the popes and Saint Cecilia had been near the main entrance, the discovery was followed up, by order of Pope Pius, and a series of large chambers, with an extensive chapel, were brought to light. The walls were full of rude inscriptions, in Greek and Latin, the work of pilgrims to these rocky shrines; and, from an inscription which De Rossi, with great patience and sagacity, reconstructed out of a hundred and twelve separate, minute, and scattered pieces, he satisfied himself that this was the famous chamber of the popes, and that of Saint Cecilia must be near at hand.

"As the chapel was cleared, a large arcosolium was found, and near it a painting of a youthful woman, richly attired, adorned with necklaces and bracelets, and the dress altogether such as might befit a bride. Below, on the same wall, was a figure of a pope in his robes, with the name 'Ses Urbanus' painted at the side; and close to this figure, a large head of the Savior, of the Byzantine type, with a glory in the form of a Greek cross. The character of the paintings showed that they were of comparatively late date, probably not earlier than the

sixth century, and obviously executed at a time when the chapel was frequented by worshipers, and before the traditional knowledge of the exact site of Saint Cecilia's sepulcher had been lost."

In conclusion, the writer before quoted, says: "The date of the martyrdom of Saint Cecilia may be wrong, the reports of her conversations may be as fictitious as the speeches ascribed by grave historians to their heroes, the stories of her miracles may have only that small basis of reality which is to be found in the effects of superstition and excited imagination,—but the essential truth of the martyrdom of a young, beautiful, and rich Roman girl, of her suffering and her serene faith, and of the veneration and honor in which her memory was held by those who had known her, may be accepted without reserve. At least, it is certain that, as early as the beginning of the fourth century, the name of Saint Cecilia was revered in Rome; and that, from that time, she has been one of the chief saints of the Roman calendar. Within her church are the remains of the bath-chamber, where she suffered death. The mosaics of the apse and the arch of triumph tell of the first finding of her body; Maderno's statue recalls the fact of its second discovery long after; and now this newly opened, long-forgotten chapel shows where her precious body was first laid away in peace, brings the legend of her faithful death into clearer remembrance, and concludes the ancient story with dramatic and perfect completeness."

MRS. J. M. CHURCH.

VENICE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CLOSING the Middle Ages and inaugurating modern history, the sixteenth century is a period indeed of exceeding interest and attraction. We see the old order of things breaking up gradually, and civilization advancing slowly but steadily. We see the invention of printing, and the discovery of America by the Genoese Columbus, disclosing unknown horizons to the human mind, opening new outlets for commerce, changing European politics, and preparing the way for still greater events. We see Italy, pre-eminent for her wealth and culture, with the still vital remains of her ancient civilization, and with the budding germs of her glorious Renaissance. Her refined luxury, her literary ardor, her extensive commerce, were famed everywhere; and if numerous foreigners piously came to visit the tombs of the apostles, the pilgrims of intelligence would flock thither also in search of learning and inspiration. A cultured taste was then considered the duty of a prince, and the brilliant hues of literary gems were preferred to gold and jewels. Lorenzo de Medici had around him a charmed circle of poets and artists, while the finest geniuses of the age could be found at the court of Ludovico Sforza.

Glancing over the history of the peninsula at that time, we read that Venice, the first commercial power of Europe, had a great influence over the destinies of Italy. Her strong government was admired by statesmen, and respected everywhere for its prudence and ability. She monopolized Eastern commerce, and her merchants were the pioneers of civilization.

Venice was then a flourishing city of 280,000 inhabitants, crowding her narrow streets and *calli*. Mistress of the sea, her commerce and prosperity increasing every year, poverty unknown even to the lower classes, she was the rendezvous of artists, poets, and pleasure-seekers. It

was difficult indeed to find, in any other city, so much life and gayety. The bustle of trade, the different cries of sailors and merchants, the sound of bells from the numerous churches and convents, filled the air with continual uproar, and the stillness of the night even was broken by the sound of the lute or by the melody of song.

If we study the annals of this Queen of the Adriatic; if we observe her monuments, the progress of her fine arts, sciences, and literature, we are obliged to acknowledge that the *secolo d'oro* (Golden Century), might well have been called the Venetian century. In literature, in fact, the republic contested the palm of excellency with Florence; and, had it not been for the sweetness of the Tuscan idiom, she might have disputed with her rival the title of the Italian Athens. In the fine arts, she was still greater. Severe classical studies had not only polished the style, but ennobled the taste, of the Italians, and her school of painting rived that of Florence and Rome.

Our object is to illustrate, therefore, some of the more salient points of Venetian history during this wonderful century, and recall to our reader's mind the past glories of this now deserted city of the laguna.

The sixteenth century opens, in Venice, with the building of that imposing mass of edifices which adorn that unique Piazza of San Marco, the Old Procuratie, and with the foundation of a literary academy by Aldo Manuccio, the special object of this institution being to give elegant and correct editions of the best Greek and Latin works. Cardinal Bembo, the famous historian and writer; Ramusio, Navagero, and other learned scholars, joined this Aldine Academy; and we are indebted to their studies and researches for the preservation of classical books in all their purity and integrity. These

Studiosi, as they were called by the people, were wont to retire to the island of Murano, then covered with splendid palaces and gardens, and, in this delicious solitude, they would study and discuss their favorite Greek and Latin authors.

Disciple of the renowned Giovanni Bellini, chief of the Venetian school of painting, there lived, at that time, on the *campo*, or piazza, San Silvestra, a young man, Giorgio Barbarelli, surnamed, for the great size of his person and the greatness of his soul, *Giorgione*. This bold reformer, disdaining the minuteness of art for higher conceptions, abandoned the mystical for the natural, losing, however, much of that subtle poetry which we find in the primitive Madonnas and saints of the ancient masters. His pictures are remarkable for their power and strength, for their fine coloring and splendid effects of *chiaroscuro*. Called with Titian, his condisciple and admirer, to paint the outside of the new Fondaco dei Tedeschi, magnificently rebuilt by the Senate, the old one having been destroyed by fire, he adorned it with beautiful frescoes, of which little or nothing is left now. *Giorgione* unfortunately died still young, in the year 1511, but the noble art he espoused could not decay. Both his scholars were acquiring in it everlasting fame,—Titian, with the picture of the "Madonna's Ascension," in the church of the Frari; and Pordenone, with some frescoes in the house of a Flemish merchant, and twelve histories of the New and Old Testament, in the cloister of San Stefano, painting all the while armed with sword and buckler, on account of his fierce enmity toward his former companion and friend Titian.

But a terrible war was about to engross entirely the thoughts of the Venetians, and arrest awhile the development of the arts and sciences. The republic had unscrupulously taken advantage of the quarrels and disasters of the Italian princes to extend her territory, and she was now to suffer for it.

Pope Julius II had mounted the papal chair, and this prince, who, it was said,

had thrown into the Tiber the keys of St. Peter and preserved only the sword of Paul, decided immediately to recover the cities of the Romagna conquered by the Venetians. He called in, therefore, foreign aid, and implored the help of Louis XII, King of France, and of the Emperor of Germany. Thus was formed the famous league of Cambray, the first league made by the European princes after the Crusades.

In reality, this animosity was caused by a secret jealousy of kings against a republic that had faithfully preserved the spirit of liberty; against a republic that, governed by the immortal wisdom of the Senate, and not by the genius of mortal man, had, notwithstanding her exiguity, taken rank among the first powers of Europe; had dared to give a negative to Rome, had counterbalanced the influence of the French in Lombardy, and opposed a barrier to the German invasions in Italy. Great was indeed the danger that threatened the small, unprotected State, for, besides the immense inferiority of numbers, Venice had to fight against unforeseen calamities. A terrible fire destroyed the archives, part of the arsenal, and nearly the whole of the powder and warlike ammunitions. Thunder dismantled the fortress of Brescia, and ten thousand ducats sent to Ravenna were shipwrecked.

The Queen of the Adriatic did not despair, however! Refusing the assistance of the Turks, the enemies of Christendom, she determined to resist, at whatever cost, and stoutly defend her independence. No songs were now heard in her streets, no melody of lute! The ladies even had laid aside their costly dresses, and the first, the only thought, was the safety of their beloved country. With the great riches accumulated in past years, the government raised powerful armies, and prepared, with courage and prudence, to meet the coming storm. The defeat of Agnadello, the surrender of various cities, the drain in their finances, nothing discouraged these hardy souls. Commoner and noble vied with each other in offering money and

raising troops, while the Senate, with political astuteness and seasonable offers, endeavored to divide or propitiate the coalesced princes. After eight years of terrible war, in which perished thousands of soldiers; after having suffered all the vicissitudes of adverse fortune, after having been several times on the brink of ruin, Venice, by her heroism and patriotism, obtained, at length, an honorable peace, while the treaty of Noyon restored to her many of the lost provinces. The league of Cambray, which had ruined the commerce of Italy, and had armed so many nations against one, deprived her only of the city of Cremona, and of a few fortresses; and Venice, after this unhopd for success, began to extend her power and influence anew.

During these important events, a woman whose name had become famous, but whose sole merit was to have been rich with the spoils of a kingdom, which she had yielded to the republic, died in Venice, in her palace of San Casano. This was Catharine Cornaro, widow of Lusignan, Queen of Cyprus and Jerusalem. She had lived in regal state in the castle of Assolo, given to her by the Senate; and, notwithstanding the public calamities, the most magnificent funeral was ordered for her.

The advent, on the ducal throne, of Andrea Gritti, a prince as remarkable for his virtues and learning as for his political greatness, contributed largely to the re-establishment of prosperity and the revival of arts and letters. His first care was to restore to its former luster the University of Padua, by inviting to this city the most celebrated scholars of the time, of which Venice was not deficient. Classical culture was then the rage, and Cardinal Bembo, one of the finest Latin writers, with several other *litterati*, settled in Padua. In this time of unexampled literary activity, ladies also distinguished themselves,—Veronica Gambaro, Bembo's friend; Gaspara Stampa, the poetess, whose romantic attachment terminated in death; and, most of all, Cassandra Fedele, whose

enthusiasm, science, and piety were admired throughout Italy. When still very young, she addicted herself to the higher studies, and her theological and classical erudition was really surprising; while nothing could excel the charm and fascination of her *improvvisazioni*, either in music or poetry. Disdaining silks and jewels, she appeared always robed in pure white and modestly veiled, and ranked so high in the esteem of her contemporaries that the Senate, not to lose their brightest gem, absolutely forbade her to accept the offers of Isabella of Aragona, who had invited her to the court of Naples.

After such an exhausting war, these were indeed happy preludes of a Renaissance which was to reach a height of perfection never before attained,—of a Renaissance the wonder and admiration of posterity. Let us sketch the artists who figured in that momentous period. Passing over Jacopo Palma, the Old, and his scholar, Bonifazio, whose six beautiful pictures on Petrarch's Love Triumphs were sold in England, we find pre-eminent the celebrated Tuscan sculptor and architect, Sansovino, called by Andrea Gritti, the reigning Doge, to repair the cupola of San Marco, which for eighty years had threatened ruin. Sansovino was then residing at the papal court, but, after the death of Adrian VI, he accepted the urgent invitation, was received by the Doge with great honors, named architect of San Marco, and allowed for his dwelling the house near the watch-tower. The Tuscan architect executed the works assigned to him by the Senate with great success. He repaired the cupola, erected the zecca, built the library of San Marco, famous for its precious manuscripts, the loggia, and cleared the granite columns of the Piazzetta of a number of miserable barracks and shops, which, by shutting off the view, dimmed the beauty of this picturesque spot.

Sansovino had been preceded in Venice by a man whose extraordinary power and influence are still an unsolved riddle for historians and writers. This was

Pietro Baccio, surnamed the Aretino, from his native city, Arezzo. Endowed with prompt wit and natural genius, he was wanting absolutely in culture and in intellectual refinement. Impudence and boldness were his only sciences. His first sonnet, against the indulgences, drove him away from his country. He flew to Rome, took the cowl, then left the cloister; but his licentious songs banished him from this city also. He sought a refuge near Prince John de Medici, with whom he led the most dissolute and profligate life; and, at his patron's death, established himself in Venice, where he lived in grandeur with his noxious pen. Aretino's subtle mind had calculated but too well the power of the press in the hands of an audacious, unscrupulous man; and, in his scurrilous writings, in his violent satires, he spared no one, he respected neither rank, genius, nor virtue, and was called, therefore, the Plague of Princes. Thus he became a terrible scourge, feared and courted alternately by every class of society. The kings of Europe sent him presents and money; the most celebrated artists were desirous to portray him; medals were coined in his honor; and it was even whispered that he would be created a cardinal. We see Ariosto speaking of him as a glory of Italy, the great Michael Angelo writing to him as a brother, and the pure, the virtuous Vittoria Colonna receiving him as a friend.

If these facts were not confirmed by the most trustworthy historians, we could scarcely credit them. We could hardly believe that this debauched man who, indifferent as to the means of enriching himself, offered his pen to the highest bidder, and wrote at the same time on licentious and religious subjects, could be considered otherwise than as an object of horror and contempt. His death corresponded to his life. He was so convulsed with laughter by some scandalous anecdote that he fell from his chair and wounded himself mortally.

Aretino soon became acquainted with Titian and Sansovino; and these three

men, so different altogether, formed an intimate friendship, a sort of triumvirate, as it was called. The witty satirist, to escape the crowd of solicitors that filled his palace constantly, would spend most of his afternoons at the painter's home, at San Canciano. It was indeed a delicious retreat; the islands of San Cristoforo and San Michele rising at a short distance, a verdant coast, covered with trees and cottages, extending to the right, and the majestic Alps forming a picturesque background. Titian could not but feel the subtle and gentle influences of this lovely spot, and perhaps, while admiring the romantic variety of the scenery, while studying the shade and coloring in the landscape, contrasting in marvelous beauty with the sapphire blue of the sea, he discovered the secret of those wonderful colors which proclaimed him one of the princes of art. Aretino's friendship, dishonorable as it was, helped him along the path of glory. Till then he had worked a great deal, and had been but poorly compensated for his incomparable paintings; but now he became the fashion, received commissions from all sides; and his journey to Rome, Spain, and the emperor's court, was a continuous triumph.

The protracted peace having restored the extensive commerce of the republic, Venice was now as rich as she had ever been. Splendid palaces and churches, testifying to the munificence and artistic taste of the Venetians, were arising everywhere, under the direction of Sansovino and San Michele, the inventor of new military fortifications. Schools were established, hospitals founded, and asylums for destitute children. The rapid advancement of letters and sciences was truly marvelous. Ignorance and barbarism were chased away, and learning exalted. Philosophy and medicine were earnestly studied, and the Venetian physicians consulted from every part of Europe. Several academies were instituted also for the printing and diffusion of classical and instructive books, and the few that remain still, are considered as

valuable relics of that remote time.* These academies opened select libraries for the instruction of the people, and held public sittings where the political affairs of Europe, the progress of arts and sciences, the latest inventions, were studied and discussed.

Poetry and fiction were never so popular. They were made the principal topics of notice, and enthusiastically cultivated. A sort of mania had seized the Venetians for theatricals, and particularly for comedies in their native dialect. These plays, unfortunately, were decidedly immoral. A boatman's son became famous in the part of *Pantalone* (a comic character), and delighted his audience by the wit and humor of his repartees. The whole city crowded to hear him. Theaters did not then exist, and these comedies were represented in the halls and courts of palaces, or in some temporary building, richly decorated by famous architects and illustrious artists, and with great magnificence of scenery and dress. Money, in short, was lavished profusely, and the least event would give occasion to feasting and rejoicings, in which the wealthier classes displayed the most refined luxury and pomp.

The national tranquillity was disturbed, however, by the death of Andrea Gritti, at the advanced age of eighty-four. His loss, deeply regretted by his countrymen, did not arrest the development of arts and sciences, to which he had given so strong an impulse. Other young plants were blossoming and flourishing near the great geniuses that we have already named. We hear of Alessandro Vittoria, Sansovino's scholar and talented assistant, the last great Venetian sculptor of the sixteenth century; of Jacopo da Bassano, in the studio of Bonifazio; of Veronese, Titian's disciple; of a poor destitute boy of Sebenico, Andrea, surnamed the Schiavone, wandering through the streets of Venice, and endeavoring

to grasp the secrets of art by a close observation of the works of the painters of benches and chests. He had to struggle against misery and want, had to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow; but his firm will triumphed over all these obstacles. And though never a favorite of fortune, he attained, at length, the noble height to which he had devoted his life and best energies, and became a great artist.

Titian was the first teacher also of Jacopo Robusti Tintoretto. Under his able tutelage, the youth's progress in art studies was so rapid as to excite the envy and jealousy of the master, who, seeing in the intelligent, promising youth a dangerous rival, banished him from his studio. Tintoretto, burning with generous indignation, was not discouraged, however. Writing on the door of his miserable room, so miserable and dark, indeed, that he was obliged to paint by candle-light, this sentence, "The drawing of Michael Angelo and the coloring of Titian," he began to work with renewed perseverance. He soon achieved success, and ranks high amid this Pleiades of artists. In his pictures, the results of the close study of his two great models are every-where apparent. His scholars imitated his faults, not his power.

Wealth and genius thus made Venice one of the most attractive cities of Italy. Her splendid *Feste*, famed far and near, called within her walls numerous foreigners and visitors. Those given for the marriage of the Doge Priuli, in the year 1557, deserve particular notice for their singularity and magnificence. Sansovino's son, author of a "History of Venice," details them with minuteness. We borrow from him these few lines:

"The bride, in her royal robes, received the Doge and Senators in the Priuli palace, where, after having sworn the capitulars, and given to each of the counselors a golden purse, she mounted the Bucentoro (the ducal galley), which was to take her to the Piazza San Marco. The canal was literally covered with innumerable gondolas, of the richest

* Two madrigals of Michael Angelo, the music by Signor Archadelt, were published in Venice in the year 1565. They were sung at the great concert in Florence for Michael Angelo's centennial.

description. Gold, silks, and velvets were lavished profusely. Greeted by loud cheers and acclamations, the new Dogaresa landed on the Piazzetta, adorned with rich triumphal arches, and, followed by a numerous retinue of ladies and knights, glittering with jewels and diamonds, entered the cathedral, where a solemn hymn of thanksgiving was sung. The corporations of the different trades, that had escorted the Bucentoro, now awaited the bride in the ducal palace. Each corporation had assembled in a different room, or gallery, hung with costly draperies, and ornamented with the emblems of their trade. First came the barbers, then the jewelers, the tailors, and many others. The whole palace was occupied. The princess visited them, one by one, graciously accepted their homage and presents; then, entering the great hall, ascended the ducal throne, where the whole court came to pay her obeisance. Daylight fading, the palace was brilliantly illuminated, and three hundred and sixty citizens, accompanied by pages and torch-bearers, each carrying in his hand a large silver platter laden with confections, paraded through the Piazza, amid the joyful shouts of the people. These feastings and rejoicings lasted," says the ancient chronicler, "three days, after which the corporations left the palace."

In this same year the Senate, continuing its mission of progress, decreed several works of public utility, such as the drying up of marshes to prevent malaria, and the clearing of uncultivated grounds. Before these wise measures could be wholly carried into effect, a terrible famine broke out in the city, and brought grief and misery into the once happy households. In this mart of gold and jewels, bread or flour could not be had, at any price, during four days; and the magistrates' efforts alleviated, in part only, such heart-rending distress.

To increase still more the general discouragement, a belief, which in past times, and particularly in the closing years of the tenth century, had moved

the world deeply, gained now a tremendous power. The belief was universal, that the world was coming to an end, and that the 15th of September was to be the fatal day. A casual circumstance brought terror to its highest pitch. On the dreaded night, a terrible detonation, so loud, indeed, that it was heard on the opposite coast of Istria, awoke the whole city. The sky was all aglow, the houses were shaking. The great event was certainly at hand! The alarmed inhabitants rushed out into the streets, and loud cries of fear and mercy escaped from thousands of lips.

The Judgment-day, however, was not come yet. Years of prosperity, of glory, of endless sufferings, were still in store for Venice. The gunpowder magazine, which had taken fire, destroying part of the arsenal and many churches and houses, was the cause of the sudden alarm. Thenceforward it was absolutely forbidden to keep gunpowder in the city, and it was preserved in the small islands of the laguna.

Famine and fire were only the precursors of another calamity. The Turks, forgetting their solemn oath of everlasting peace with the Venetians, and wishing to recover the beautiful island of Cyprus, ceded by Catherine Cornaro to the republic, declared war against Venice. Landing on the island of Cyprus, with seventy thousand soldiers, they overpowered the small Venetian garrisons, seized Nicosia the capital, and Flamagosta, heroically defended by the valorous Bragadino. Bragadino himself fell into hands of the Turks, and was barbarously flayed alive. His skin, filled with straw, was hung from the mast of a galley, to terrify the trembling populations.

In this extremity, Venice made an appeal to all Christian nations. A crusade was formed against the infidels, and Don Juan, of Austria, son of Charles V, was elected generalissimo of the powerful fleet. The famous battle of Lepanto, or of the Curzolari, the greatest naval battle of the time, ended with the total destruction of Selim's fleet, crushing forever the

Turkish power in Europe. The Venetians had the honors of the day. The news of this victory was received with the utmost enthusiasm, and the Senate decreed that the anniversary of this memorable day should be forever solemnized; and that, in commemoration of this glorious event, a chapel, richly decorated by Alessandro Vittoria, should be erected in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo. In this chapel were placed the miserable relics of the noble Bragadino, which had been recovered from the Turks.

Public exhibitions being now the fashion, we must here remark, that the republic could have disputed with the Chinese the honor of having first introduced them. We hear of public shows in Venice in the years 1268, 1462, 1471, etc. These exhibitions were held in that magnificent square, the Piazza San Marco, and lasted fifteen days. The one given in honor of Sebastiano Veniero, one of the conquerors of Lepanto, in the year 1571, is particularly described. We read of rich triumphal arches, made of the spoils of the vanquished, and adorned with precious pictures of Raphael, Giorgione, Titian, and other great artists.

Shortly afterward, Henry III of France, Duke of Anjou, on his return from Poland, visited the picturesque city. His arrival was hailed as an event of no common interest, and the pomp and magnificence displayed on his reception can hardly be described. An inscription placed at the bottom of the Giant's Staircase recalls the visit of the French King.

A beautiful and talented woman, Veronica Franco, lived at that time in Venice. Veronica was the Aspasia of this new Athens. As the famous woman of Mileto, whose house was the rendezvous of the most cultured intellects of Attica, of Phidias, Socrates, Alcibiades, she gathered around her a circle of refined spirits, attracted not only by her charms, but by her eloquence and learning. Henry III himself paid homage to so much wit and beauty. But, while still in the prime of youth, divine grace touched Veronica's heart. Deploring her past errors, she

became forthwith an example of virtue and charity, and founded, with her own money, a House of Refuge for fallen women.

The year 1575 is notable in Venice for the spreading of a dreadful plague, which, notwithstanding the Senate's exertions, desolated the city for two successive years. Commerce and trade were forsaken entirely, and the *lazaretti* were not large enough for the innumerable sick and dying patients. The mortality was indeed so great that the terrified people fled from their homes, and became desperate and reckless. Very many illustrious Venetians died victims of their own devotedness, and Titian himself, at the advanced age of ninety-nine, succumbed to the fatal disease.

Private burials had been strictly forbidden, but a single exception was made in favor of the celebrated artist. He was buried in the church of the Frari, where he had painted one of his masterpieces, the "Assumption." His funeral, though simple and modest, was, in this moment of extreme misery, the best proof of the Venetians' love for the departed painter, the greatest honor that the republic could show to his memory.

All human efforts being fruitless against the wide-spreading pestilence, the people had recourse to divine help. A general procession was ordered; and there, amid the entreaties and prayers of the stricken population, the Doge solemnly vowed to build a magnificent church to the Redeemer, and to visit it every year on the anniversary of the deliverance of the plague. Was it the deep faith of the Venetians, was it that the disease had reached its climax, from that day the pestilence began to abate, and gradually disappeared.

The third Sunday of the month of July, 1577, the whole population of Venice, with the Doge and Senate, turned their steps to the Guidecca, the spot selected for the erection of the temple. A bridge of eighty galleys, covered with rich draperies, joined the Piazza San Marco to the island. A wooden church

had been here erected, and thousands of grateful hearts joined in a hymn of thanksgiving for the unexpected deliverance. A noble building, simple and grand, rose soon on the same spot. Palladio, a young man of Vicenza, famous already in the artistic world, was the architect of this splendid structure, which is considered one of his finest works; and the church of the Redentore forms still the admiration of the lovers of the beautiful in art.

A few months subsequent, a terrible fire burned a portion of the ducal palace, with the precious pictures of Titian and other distinguished painters, and with the portraits of most of the illustrious men of the time. But these beautiful halls were rebuilt soon after, with still greater magnificence, and decorated by the first artists of Italy.

It is pleasant to turn from these disasters to the national tranquillity which followed. Venice, after every new calamity, seemed to rise greater and stronger, exciting, by her wide-spreading prosperity and unbounded wealth, the general admiration. Nothing of importance occurred during the last years of this eventful century, nothing that rent the fabric

of state; and the glory of the republic continued to shine with undimmed luster.

But a subtle and mysterious influence that was to change completely the customs and character of the Italians, and confuse even the strongest and best balanced minds, was silently asserting itself. The Spanish domination in Italy, with its blood-thirsty Inquisition, was preparing the decline of the peninsula, and covering it with clouds and darkness. This miserable medley of hypocrisy and superstition destroyed every thing that was noble and great, ruined industry and culture, and crushed entirely the spirit of liberty. We look back with sorrow and sadness at this gloomy period, when the religion of Christ was made the pretense of the most unheard-of cruelties, and love to dwell upon the memories of the wonderful century we have now described. Many things, indeed, there were, that had better be sunk into oblivion,—its extravagance, lust, its moral evils and fierce spirits,—but the record of its glorious deeds, the remembrance of the great geniuses that kept high the fame of Italy throughout the world, will forever fire the heart and warm the blood of the Italians.

ELVIRA CAORSI.

SOCIAL LIFE IN GREECE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE ATTIC AGE.

IT was an age of great hurry and prodigious development, when event after event came so crowding upon the people that they were under the perpetual excitement of some new acquisition or some unexpected danger. A great public enthusiasm so laid hold of every citizen of the glorious little republic that private life was despised, and private comforts laid aside, while every man devoted himself, with all his might, to ad-

vance his city, and to sacrifice all to the calls of state service. All through Greek history we see many close resemblances between the republics of Greece and America. Just as the United States, the Athenians became, more than any contemporary state, a commonwealth full of public men engrossed with state service and with politics, men of little leisure, and of small curiosity in speculating upon the reasons of things—in fact, no theorists,

but stern men of sudden decision and prompt action, full of earnestness in their lives, and allowing themselves little relaxation. Even the little relaxation they did take bears the mark of their hurry and their public cares. The comedies of Aristophanes, hearing which was the principal recreation of the Athenians, were ribald, the wit most highly spiced, and its vigorous satire broad and gross. And all this was called out by the character of its patrons. Men who live lives of excitement and exceeding fatigue, wild speculators in the market or in public affairs, will not afford time (at least where they have not been elevated and refined by Christian principles) for gentle and soothing recreation, for philosophical disquisitions and long rambles in the country. They will generally plunge from one excitement to another, and will be tempted not to rest their minds save with such grosser bodily pleasures as expel all thought of serious things. A glance at our great centers of life and business in the present day will show us that the tendency is for men to rest the man by indulging the beast within them.

From these remarks our readers will be prepared for the statement that this was an age of retrogression in social life. The attitude of women was lower than in any former period of historical Greece. A certain contempt for them seems to have come into fashion. In old-fashioned Herodotus, women occupy a due place, and occupy prominent and frequent positions; but Thucydides is generally pointedly silent upon them, and indulges in the cynical remark, "That woman is best who is least spoken of among men, whether for good or evil." No doubt the duties and responsibilities of the city life of Athens were not nearly so important or heavy for the matrons as those of their mothers had been on their farms, and this would tend to lower their individual importance. Besides, nothing was so depressing, in ancient times, to the freedom of women as city life; for the absence of proper police regulations made it not easy for them to go abroad.

Xenophon pictures a model husband, who advises his wife to obtain bodily exercise by folding up and sorting clothes in her several presses; and we read of the moving out to the country as "delightful to the wife and longed for by the children."

Such theorists as Xenophon and Plato held advanced ideas on the subject of female education. Plato advocated the very modern theory that women had the same faculties and capacities as men, but in an inferior degree. He advocated a joint education, and pointed to the precedent of Sparta. There, as we know, girls joined even in athletic exercises publicly, and ran and wrestled with one another. Many, however, were shocked at this, and slow to admit its expediency. Euripides, upon the stage, reviled "this shamelessness." Aristotle complained that, in time of great danger to the state, these women were more troublesome than the enemy. But, in spite of the ventilation of the question of women's social position, it fell infinitely short of her modern status in Christian communities; for, in the best Greek times, it was common to sell the women of captured towns into slavery and concubinage.

I shall now turn to a consideration of some of the trades and professions in Athens. In medical practice, we find two schools,—the old quackery of charms and incantations, and the rational observation and treatment of diseases by empirical treatment. The rational school owed its origin to the athletic games. It was found that amulets and spells were of no use against better physical condition. Plato says that treatment by regimen originated with Herodicus of Selymbria, "who, being a trainer, and himself of a sickly constitution, by a happy combination of training and doctoring, found out a way of torturing, first himself, and then the rest of the world." We find the most celebrated early school of medicine at Croton, which was also the home of the greatest athletes.

Various Greek cities used to give high yearly salaries to men of this school for

residing among them. The case of Democles is well known. He ran away from a cruel father at Croton, and came to Ægina, where he set up in private practice; and, "though destitute of the needful appliances, outstripped the best physicians of the place in one year." Ægina employed him as state physician the following year, for a talent (\$1,220); but Athens, next year, bid \$2,030 for him; and the fourth year he was engaged for two talents (\$2,435) by Polycrates, the most powerful Greek prince then living. Among the perfection of Spartan military arrangements, there is mention of military surgeons, but probably there is only one such allusion in all Greek literature.

These state physicians had a number of assistants, some of them slaves, who treated simple cases, and more especially the diseases of slaves, going in and ordering them to take their remedies; whereas, with freemen, the practice was to persuade the patient, by full explanation of the treatment, that it would succeed. Plato, very assuringly, says that the physicians used to take with them Gorgias, who was the most persuasive rhetorician of the day, in order that he might persuade the patients to adopt their prescriptions. This shows to what a pitch the Greeks had brought the habit of inquiry and argument, regardless of the very bad effect such discussions must have had on the nerves of many patients. But it is fair to add, that Aristotle, only a generation later, specially notes that a physician's duty was not to compel or to persuade, but simply to prescribe. From all this, we feel almost disposed to compare the state of medicine in the best days of Greece with that described by Palgrave as existing in Central Arabia at the present day, where the physician must first persuade his patient and then bargain with him for his fee, before he can begin to treat the case.

There was no limit to the importance which the *cooks* gave themselves. Theirs was no mere trade, but a natural gift, a special art, a school of higher philosophy.

Just as our fashionable cooks think it undignified to give any dish an honest English name, and write their *menus* in mongrel, misspelled French, so it was grossly unfashionable for cooks to speak Attic Greek. If they did not use Homeric phrases, they were bound to speak Doric Greek. It was the fashion at Athens to hire both cooks and appointments for a dinner-party, and to commission the cook to undertake the marketing. From Aristophanes, we learn that the employer went into the market crying out, "Who wants to take a contract for a dinner?" A fragment from Diphilus so strikingly illustrates this section of Athenian society, that I can not forbear quoting it almost at length. It is the advice of an experienced caterer to his colleague:

"Never fear, Draco, you shall never find *me* with you in the way of business, that you will not be occupied with your contract all day, and live in the highest luxury. For I never go to a house till I scrutinize who the man is that is giving the sacrificial feast, or the occasion of the dinner, or whom he has invited; and I have a table in which are classified, under general heads, the parties with whom I engage myself, as well as those of whom I keep clear. Let us look, for example, under the mercantile head. Suppose a skipper is fulfilling a vow, who has lost his mast or broken his rudder, and was obliged to heave his cargo overboard from being water-logged, I dismiss such a fellow; he does nothing heartily, but merely to satisfy his obligation. During the very libation he is computing, in his own mind, what share he can put upon his ship's company and passengers, and so each man feels that he is dining at his own expense. But another has sailed in from Byzantium on the third day, without accident, successful, delighted at making his ten or twelve per cent, prating about the passage money, ready for any mischief. Such a one I take by the hand as he is disembarking; I remind him of Zeus Preserver; I insist on serving him. Again, some young fool

in love is squandering his patrimony. I go, of course."

Of the entertainments for which these cooks provided, Greek comedy furnishes us with many allusions. Conversation took a leading part in Athenian society. A Spartan says: "We are great both at eating and working, but the Athenians at talking and eating little, and the Thebans at eating a great deal." Plato charges with great stupidity those who introduce musicians into their feasts, as being persons devoid of rational conversation, and hiring mercenary musicians to amuse their guests. This hostility to music at dinner-parties was evidently a marked feature in the Socratic society, for Aristophanes brings it out in his comedy of "The Clouds," where old Strepsades is giving an account of how he and his son quarreled. "As we were sitting at table," says he, "first I asked him to take up the lyre, and sing some song of Simonides, such as the 'Shearing of the Ram.' But he replied that playing and singing at table were gone out of fashion, and only fit for women grinding at the mill."

In spite of their powers of talking, the Greeks had several stock contrivances for keeping up the conversation. Their climate had not sufficient variability to enable it to rank as a conversational topic; but there was, among other contrivances, a species of amusement which was named the Scholia, when one guest commenced a sentence in verse, and handed a branch to any other he chose, who was compelled to finish the verse in the cleverest way he could. Another stock contrivance was the Grifhos, or riddle, which appears to have been a later fashion, and perhaps to have sup-

planted the Scholia. Some fashionable ladies were very celebrated for propounding these riddles, many of which are quoted by the grammarians. But, of course, as among ourselves nowadays, riddles and acrostics, and all such stuff, are miserable substitutes for witty or even sensible conversation; so there seems, in the philosophical dialogues of the Platonic age, a silent contempt for such devices. They, too, like music or tumbling or dancing, are inconsistent with really good and general conversation.

The limited size of Athens had a marked effect in producing a certain unity and harmony in Athenian culture. In art we may find something similar in the effect of residence at Rome on a painter or sculptor; and perhaps a still closer analogy would be the society of painters and literary men gathered together in Munich by that modern Pericles (as to art), Ludwig I. In such societies, where master-spirits can really reach and influence the whole mass, there arises a uniform standard of criticism, recognized laws of taste, and a form, at least in literature and art, secured from rudeness and extravagance.

There is no greater contrast between Greek and modern civilization than this, and no plainer cause of the greater perfection of Greek culture in some respects,—I mean the severance of cultivated Greeks into separate small cities, like the Bonn, Weimar, and Dresden of educated Germany, where intellectual life gathered about independent centers, and where men were not, as they now are in England and France and America, looking ever to one or two overgrown centers, and in vain for standards of perfection.

GEORGE C. JONES.

THE TUNNEL.

THERE was once a girl who stood dolefully in the fields, and did not know what to do. While she remained with her hands clasped behind her neck, and her eyes searching sky and earth, an old woman came by, stooping to pull up herbs.

"What's the matter with you?" questioned the old woman, with strong intonation on the you, as if she had been applying the same question to a whole class of wretches.

"I am puzzled," said the girl.

"That's nothing," replied the old woman; "two-thirds of the human race are puzzled. This is a wonderful world; God made it."

"But he meant every thing to work harmoniously in it," said the girl.

"How do you know?" cried the old woman, sharply. "You know nothing about what he meant. I am tired of hearing atoms try to explain the mysteries of the earth's great fertile crust! Let the harmonies of the whole creation alone, and attend to your own harmonies!"

"That is what I should like, good woman," said the girl, "and all that I feel capable of doing."

"Very well," said the old woman. "Now we come down from the infinite, and the gaseous expansion of ideas, to boots and shoes, and the feet of flesh which walk in them. What's the matter with you?"

"Every thing is against me," said the girl, beginning to cry.

"Hoity-toity!" cried the old woman, "did you think every thing would be for you? Did you want to live the life of a sponge, and stick fast to rocks in the ocean, and have only life enough to wave back and forth in the rolling waters? The sponge is a very good creature, but I should think," observed the old woman, stooping sidewise to eye the girl, curiously, "that you would prefer a higher

state of existence, even at the cost of a little pain."

"I do n't want to be a sponge!" cried the little girl, indignantly. "But, neither do I want to be as I am, nor grow as I am growing. Look at my family; it is not esteemed or even respected. I see my brothers and sisters struggling against circumstances which they can not overcome. We are poor and helpless, and weak and perplexed."

"It is that story which forever repeats itself," said the old woman; "yes, I see; I have heard it a thousand times. It is life fighting against death. Well, you will hunt about the fields awhile, and not find your proper uses. A little more heat and cold, a little more hunger, a touch of disease, and then you will be under foot and forgotten in the ground."

The girl wrung her hands, and looked across the field, where some of her brothers and sisters were tearing their hands for fruit on blackberry bushes.

"Come," said the old woman, growing sterner, "you must either die to live, or live to die. Try weaving underground."

"I do not understand you."

"This way, then," called the old woman, going down a road which curled around rocks. "Come under the shadow. Now, stoop," she added, pressing the girl down to rest on hands and knees. "This is the mouth of a tunnel."

The girl put her head into the opening, and saw only blackness.

"Enter that tunnel, and weave as you move through it. You will find the materials at your feet and on the walls. It is a long way. If you reach the other end of it, you will find pleasant lands, places, hope, and high consideration for all your wretched family. And the woven material, which you bear out in your hands, will be a patent of nobility, which all the people in the pleasant lands recognize."

"Let go of me; I want to enter!" cried the girl.

"But consider," said the old woman. "Many have entered this tunnel, and never came forth again, by either way. Only those who have passed through know its dangers; and of the dangers they can not bear to speak. In fact, so many fail, and so few succeed, that you had perhaps better remain,"

"And perish any way?" cried the girl.

But she drew back, and looked up at sky, at trees, and at the sun bountifully warming his worlds; last, she looked at the old woman's wise, stern face.

"Is there no other road?" she cried.

"No road except through the tunnel," replied the old woman. "And in it are darkness and solitude."

The girl put her hands over her eyes, and tried to realize what utter darkness and solitude were. But she heard a squirrel barking in the trees, and a breath of wind all abroad; the shine of the sun was still imprisoned between her eyelids; and, moving her elbow, she touched her companion with it.

"I do n't know what the tunnel is," said she, "but I will enter it; and if I die, I die; and the children, pulling the blackberry bushes over there, will never know what I undertook for them. How must I weave, good woman?"

"With your hands alone," replied the old woman; "and you must cross the materials with a nice, exact touch. As your fabric grows, wrap it around yourself, that the weight may be even, and that you may not drop it if you run from danger. Pass in. The entrance of the tunnel must be sealed as soon as you are within."

The girl looked up at the old woman's face. Then she crept into the dark, and stood upright, and the tunnel was shut. At first, she thought she could not breathe, and pushed out with her hands as if to lift off the heavy mantle of darkness; in so doing, she felt long, flax-like shreds, and was reminded of her weaving.

"The way can not be long," thought she, pulling handfuls of fibers for her work; "and if it is, I am young and strong. Besides, it must be traveled."

So she walked with long and cautious strides, intertwisting the threads with exact touch as she went. It was not easy to weave and walk, so she often paused to lay the flexile threads nicely. Her way seemed opened straight before her; but not a sound came out of the warm darkness, either to welcome or warn her. This progress grew like the monotony of death; but she pushed on, stooping at intervals to gather hard shreds from the ground, which gave greater firmness to her work. Again and again she stooped and gathered from the same spot, though inches of her fabric and many steps intervened. Blindness makes touch a double sense. She examined the spot carefully, and then followed the walls, and found she had been revolving around a great natural pillar in the tunnel, and had made no progress at all. Guiding herself more carefully, she hurried down the direct way, and down further and further. The slope grew so steep that she fastened her fabric around her neck, and hooked her hands in the shreds on the walls. Her feet pointed into water, and the water rose higher and higher. It held her around the waist, robbing her of half her weight; strange splashings, which she did not make, startled her, and a cold, long body rippled across her back.

These were deadly terrors to a girl alone under the crust of the earth. She screamed with all her strength, and leaped up to the wall; but no human ear heard her cry, and the fine fibers on which she depended gave way, and let her fall to the bottom of the water. The shock stopped her breath. She lay for an instant under the earth, forgotten and entombed. Perhaps many a wretch lay stretched beside her in that liquid darkness, and, if she never moved a hand again, she would have much ghastly company in the deep.

But, with returning breath, she leaped and struggled, and choked and plunged. she found the wall, and slipped from it; she caught hold of rocks, and got out, she scarcely knew how. And then she

sat dripping and helpless for a long period.

"Of what use was it for you to venture in here?" breathed a voice in the tunnel. "Was not life wretched enough, without your making it absolutely insupportable? Why were n't you content to sit under the blackberry bushes? What better could have been expected of you?"

"Why was I not born to better fortune?" breathed the girl, in reply. "One question is as absurd as the other just now. I do not know why any thing is; not even why I dared to come into the dark. But something made me dare; I *had to* dare. There was so much hope of the pleasant land beyond the tunnel! And now, that I am in the tunnel, I must go on, or die like a worm in the deeps of the earth."

So, drying in her bosom the web she had been weaving, she took hold of its raveled ends, and gathered a great deal of strong fiber from the ground, and wove away. While she wove the voice could not reach her; but, if she dropped her hands a minute, the voice trickled out of silence, and ran like a rill of bitter waters into her thoughts. So, in very self-defense, she worked much, and worked fast, and, as soon as her limbs would carry her, hastened on through the tunnel.

Her way rose abruptly; and she saw a light far above her, like a star in the sky. Toward this she climbed, clinging to the steep ascent with hands and feet. Her web was wrapped around her; the light seemed rushing toward her; she laughed in a joyful undertone that her short journey was so near its end; and checked her laugh with some misgiving that the natives of the pleasant lands would find her woven fabric small.

"But they will see my youth," said she; "they can not expect much of unskilled fingers. And if I may take the very lowest rank among them, it will be better than what I left behind."

She crept on, laughing; and the star rushed toward her. She braced herself against the wall, and stared. Her eyes

were filled with sparkles, and she was half smothered by smoke. The earth rocked under her; she searched, with quick, brute-like sagacity, all over the wall for some hollow in which to hide herself, and crowded into a fissure, wrapping her terrified head in the web, while a destroying fire rushed past her! She did not know how long she waited after it was gone. Her very memory seemed seared, and she stood in the rocky fissure of those awful catacombs, a mere monument to her past life, unconscious of the epitaphs engraved upon her.

"What do you think of *that* as a specimen of experience in the tunnel?" inquired the voice in the darkness.

"I must get out of the tunnel," said the girl, again seizing her web. "O, it is too terrible!"

She stepped out of the fissure, and crept near the ground until the smoke was left behind. But neither on the walls or on the ground was left a shred or fiber for her weaving. Ashes—ashes every-where! She gathered handfuls of ashes; her feet sank in ashes as she walked. Therefore it was not strange that, when she found a branching way, wherein the fibers hung thick and cool, she left the track of the fire and hurried along its opening. For a tunnel is a tunnel, thought the girl, and if it be divided into branches, they must all have the same opening.

And this spur of the passage proved to be an opening, but a most unfortunate one for her; for it opened over a deep well, and into this pit she plunged, with unsuspecting step.

To lie at the bottom of the world, half slain and altogether forgotten, is an experience which can be endured only by the godlike. The girl felt herself vanquished; her head rolled back on her shoulder, and she wanted nothing but unconsciousness of pain. But the voice which always filled her with questionings, and consequently aroused her, came down the pit after her.

"Are you dying here alone in the dark?" said the voice. "Of what use was

this venture in the tunnel? Behold how have you used yourself! Your young flesh and bones, broken before their time, will crumble here. Lift up your darkening eyes, and see how people fare who have not ventured or endured half as much as you have! *They* did not go groping in tunnels!"

Looking up, the girl could, for an instant, pierce the thick veil of earth which lay over her; and she saw men and women walking happily in the sunshine, possessed of every good thing which she had ever desired for her family or herself. She struggled up, and sat against the wall.

"I am glad they did not have to die in order to live," said she, seizing her web and weaving her fibers in. "Somehow, it seems to me I shall yet come forth from the tunnel, and shall have even more than they. I still live; and my strength renews itself from my very bruises."

The walls of the well were hung with long, strong shreds, and she wove her way out of it, rising as her web lengthened; so that out of its peril and pain, she gathered her best material.

Time would fail me to tell of all the steps with which this girl passed ahead,—of the food she gathered from strange places, of her thirst, her losses, her despair, her constantly recurring woes. Time fails us all; and time failed even the tunnel. It rose to daylight.

The girl saw white light glimmering over a hillock; and, strange to say, she stood at the mouth of the tunnel, dis-

trustful of herself, and half afraid to venture forth among the inhabitants of pleasant lands. The fabric she had woven now covered her from head to foot, and trailed upon the ground, and hung from her arms in voluminous folds.

Her heart beat violently as she stepped out under the sun. She stood on a crag, and a lake lay under her feet. O, these were pleasant lands, spreading away from horizon to horizon in vivid colors. Strong, fair people moved before her, and sounds of song, and of herds lowing, and of children's voices, were everywhere.

The people saw her come among them, and they looked at her, while she looked at them. She knew that her face had changed,—the lake showed her that,—but she did not realize what her whole appearance was, until she was caught in the broad glare of day, as she laid before the people her request for her family's place. Then she saw her dress, woven by her hands in the tunnel. It was the robe of a queen! Gold and purple and gems were woven in it. No mortal could have made it in the light of the sun. It was her patent of nobility. She entered these pleasant lands, a queen, in the robes of royalty!

This is the story of a tiger-lily, which went through the tunnel of germination, before it unfolded its glories to the sun.

It is the story of the black race, in its march toward higher civilization.

It is the completed story of thousands who are yet in tunnels. The story of a soul!

MARY HARTWELL.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.*

FIRST PAPER.

THE volume here named has recently been reprinted in this country, under the editorship of R. H. Stoddard. The uses of this kind of reading are quite apparent. History preserves for us the dates and doings of a past period; not always impartially recorded, and usually bare outlines. The writer of historic romance works up an interest in his *dramatis personæ* by hiding or magnifying, their vices and virtues, according to his partisan purpose. If one who makes a contemporary record of facts and opinions can convince us that he had opportunity of knowing the events he chronicles, and of his neutral position and consequent impartiality, we give his story full faith. It is like an instantaneous stereoscopic view; the unconscious subjects had no chance for a pose. They were on the plate, and the sketch "fixed," before they could straighten a muscle, or smooth out a wrinkle.

The people whom Mr. Greville photographs for us belong in English "high life,"—thus he discusses a department of sociology not often accessible to republican Americans. An archduke or a prince, taking a dash through our seaport towns, makes quite as profound a sensation as would a mastodon or megalosaurus, if one could gather itself out of the past, and take a promenade across the continent. Our plebeian heads are quite turned by the divinity that doth hedge about even a remotely possible king. It will antidote this infirmity, for us to hobnob with royalty, witnessing its petty meannesses and immense discomforts, its squabbles and bickerings, as we may in this gossiping book.

According to Mr. Reeve, the English editor of these Journals, Mr. Greville was

great-grandson of the fifth Lord Warwick, and grandson of William Henry, the third Duke of Portland, K. G., who filled many great offices of State. In 1821, he entered upon the duties of clerk of the Council in ordinary, which he discharged for nearly forty years.

During the last twenty years of his life, he occupied a suite of rooms in the house of Earl Granville, in Bruton Street, and there, on the 18th of January, 1865, he expired.

The "Journals" commence in 1818, and end in 1837; but this book contains only that part that covers the reigns of George IV and William IV, ending with the accession of Victoria.

Mr. Reeve says of Mr. Greville's neutrality and consequent impartiality: "His own position, from the office he held in the Privy Council, and partly from his personal intimacies with men of very opposite opinions, was a neutral one. Contented with his own social position, he was alike free from ambition and from vanity. No man was more entirely disinterested in his judgments on public affairs, for he had long made up his mind that he had nothing to gain or lose by them, and, in the opinions he formed, he cared for nothing but their justice and truth."

Our author takes us to court, in a somewhat abrupt fashion, June 7, 1818, about eighteen months before the death of King George III. The first sketches he gives us are of the Duke and Duchess of York, in their unostentatious, free-and-easy life at Oatlands, and of the political and literary notables he met there during his frequent and familiar visits.

He passes the death of the old King, and the coronation of the new one, with mere mention; stops by the way to notice a new book, and a quarrel of the King with his ministers; and then strikes

* *A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV and King William IV.* By Charles C. F. Greville, Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns.

at once into the excitement occasioned by the trial of Queen Caroline. True to the stereoscopic character of the book, he does not enter into the merits of the case. He gives simply "views," that show the sympathy of the people with the Queen, the attacks of the mob upon the houses of those opposed to her, and the chit-chat of the court about the probable outcome of the affair, the ability of the council engaged, and specially the comments upon the masterly efforts of Brougham in her behalf. He is not teaching either history or morals. He takes it for granted that his readers have the outlines of the lives of the grand folk about whom he is chatting, and will enjoy his filling in of details, from his affluent resources. He describes a Sunday card or shooting party, with as little concern about the moral bearings of the affair as if he were a Hottentot. Yet there is no small measure of unintentional preaching in the book; and it is helpful to a student of history to have this careful clerk fill three of his close pages with Wellington's talk about Waterloo.

We catch a glimpse, now and then, of the strange ways of the people who lived half a century ago, emphasizing our conviction that the world moves, and for the better. Let eclectics, homœopathists, and all progressives in the healing art, note how the royal person was handled in those days. "The new King has been desperately ill. He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he lost eighty ounces of blood. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him again till his return. Bloomfield sent for Tierney, who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him. This gave him relief; he continued, however, dangerously ill, and, on Wednesday, he lost twenty ounces more. Tierney certainly saved his life, for he must have died if he had not been bled."

When the Duke of York was taken down with the disease that carried him off, we are informed that they began their efforts to save him "by putting him through several courses of mercury;"

and our only wonder is the lateness of the date of his death.

By far the most charming part of the book is the familiar sketching of distinguished literary people by this reporter extraordinary. Take, for example, this description of Brougham: "About three weeks ago I passed a few days at Panshanger, where I met Brougham; he came from Saturday till Monday morning, and, from the hour of his arrival to that of his departure, he never ceased talking. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gayety and animal spirits, his humor, mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, and the facility with which he handles every subject, and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it; I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said, the morning of his departure, 'This morning, Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more, went away in one post-chaise.'"

In his mousing about among the literati, Greville seems to have come upon a solution of one of the vexed literary problems of a century or so ago. Getting hold of an old love-letter, written by Sir Philip Francis, he is convinced, by an examination of the handwriting, that that gentleman is the author of the "Letters of Junius."

This gossiping gazetteer takes us back fifty years, into the charmed circle where strong hands were at work upon our literature.

"*November 9th.*—Dined to-day with Byng, and met Tom Moore, who was very agreeable: he told us a great deal about his forthcoming 'Life of Byron.' He is nervous about it. He is employed, in conjunction with Scott and Mackintosh, to write a history of England. Scott is to write up Scotland; Mackintosh, England; and Moore, Ireland; and they get £1,000 apiece for it; but Scott could not

compress his share into one volume, so he is to have £1,500. The republication of Scott's works will produce him an enormous fortune: he has already paid off £30,000 of the Constable bankruptcy debt, and he is to pay the remaining £30,000 very soon."

Knowing, as we do, the outcome of Scott's Titanic struggles with debt, and his mental break-down under the pressure, we read this sadly enough.

Moore told Greville that Byron wrote with extraordinary rapidity, but his corrections were frequent and laborious. Of himself, Moore said it required no thought to write, and that there was no end to it; so many fancies, on every subject, crowded on his brain that he often read what he had written as if it had been the composition of another, and was amused.

He dismisses our noble Irving with a John-Bull-like criticism: "Washington Irving wants sprightliness and more refined manners." We console ourselves

by remembering that he was too near '76 and 1812 to have a very amiable opinion of any thing American.

His comments upon Moore's "Life of Byron," might have been written in 1870 instead of 1830, so steadily does he peer into the depths of darkness in the character of that brilliant, strange, bad man, and in spite of the glamour that genius threw over his evil life.

What a backward glimpse is this! "At dinner" (in Rome) "we had Hortense, the Ex-Queen of Holland; and her son, Prince Louis Napoleon. Hortense is not near so ugly as I expected, very unaffected and gay, and gives herself no royal airs."

"On Wednesday, called on Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, who lives at the top of the Tarpeian Rock. He has devoted himself to the study of Roman history and antiquities, and has the whole subject at his fingers' ends."

JENNIE F. WILLING.

TALKERS AND TALKING.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS might freshen up his lecture on the "Lost Arts" by adding "The Art of Talking" to the list.

Of twaddle and gossip and scandal and slang, there is a sickening surfeit; but of conversation,—that deserves to be dignified by the name,—there is a doleful dearth.

There is the bore; every-where you meet him. He frequents the thoroughfare, loiters in your study, sits at your fireside; and tells you *his* joys, *his* sorrows, *his* triumphs and *his* trials, *his* wife and *his* children, *his* horses and *his* cattle, *his* house and *his* grounds, *his* dog and *his* baby, and *his* every thing else. It not unfrequently happens that in a company of six there are half a dozen of these bores, who are fashioned on the

great-I-and-little-you plan, each one doing his best to talk about himself and his affairs, so that nobody else can have a chance to talk about himself and his affairs. At the first perceptible pause there is a sextuple sailing in of sentences in I or my; and it is amusing to see the look of triumph that comes over the countenance of the bore who got an eighth of an inch the start, and to behold the look of blank disappointment and martyr-like submission that settles upon the faces of the defeated. The wonder about it is, that not one of them seems, for a moment, to consider that that which he knows to be an unqualified nuisance to himself, is such a bore to others. I have been speaking of this character in the masculine gender, but the egotistical bore is not confined to sex.

There is a modification of this character that may be called the *mono-bore*; that is, one who bores always with the same auger, sings the same song, scrapes the same tune. From this kind, good Lord, deliver us! For, if we have to be bored, let us have some variety in our misery. This specimen of the genus bore has discovered an idea, and his mind is so small that one idea fills it full. You never can get another idea in his head till you get that one out. He travels the same intellectual road till it becomes a rut, with embankments on either side too high to see over. He wears the same mental coat till the sleeves are too short, and the elbows are out, and the buttons off, and the collar greasy, and the back split, and the skirt in shreds; but he will not exchange it for chinchilla or broadcloth, cut in the latest style. He is a reformer,—a martyr for opinion's sake. He carries his one idea as he does his skin.

Newspaper editors are invited to the privilege of conferring untold benefits upon mankind and generations unborn, by publishing his one idea to the world. In the social circle, at the public gathering, among the pious and profane, he rings the changes upon his one poor idea. Coax him away for a moment from his darling topic, but he hurries back, like a dog to his bone. Get him off of his hobby for a while, if you can, but he has ridden it so long that he feels uneasy anywhere else; and so he straddles it again, and rides as hard as ever he can, galloping up and down like a boy on a rocking-horse, neither going forward nor backward a single step.

Then there is the debater. If he is religious, he is a fiery Methodist, or a stiff Presbyterian, or an uncompromising Baptist. If he is a politician, he is a fierce Republican or a savage Democrat. He uses truth as a club, with which to beat over the head all who differ from his opinions. If any established fact comes in collision with his ideas, so much the worse for that fact. He fetches arguments from afar. He winds up a long sentence, in proof of his position, with a

flourish of satisfaction, when you can see no more connection between his premises and conclusion than you can see between yourself and the man in the moon. He will twist a fact till it gets red in the face to make it serve his purpose. There are two sides to every question, in his opinion,—a right side and a wrong side; and he is on the right side of all of them. He thinks he is wise; others know he is a fool.

There is the *malaprop bore*. He always says the wrong thing; or, if he says the right thing, it is at the wrong time or the wrong place. He talks to the sick about diseases; to the poor about poverty; to the blind about the blessings of sight; to the criminal about crime; to the mourner about his grief, and tears open, with bungling fingers, their wounds afresh. If he could only keep his mouth shut! Books of etiquette teach that the first principle to be learned, in studying the art of conversation, is how to say nothing. The art of keeping the mouth shut, let us all learn it. We think we must always be saying something, whether we have got any thing to say or not,—a grave mistake. Now, let us resolutely hold our tongues till we can find something worth saying. And what quandaries it will relieve us from! And, besides, our still tongue will oftentimes argue a wise head; whereas, our ever-wagging one so often argues a foolish and empty head.

There is another character that gets his name by talking who deserves notice,—that is the cynic. The cynic, among men, is what the buzzard is among birds. The buzzard will sail over green fields, covered with living flocks, and never think of stopping, but will dart down upon the first rotten carcass he espies. This human carrion-crow never notices any thing good in any body, and never fails to notice something bad. He thinks nobody is honest, because he knows that he is not. He takes his cue from his father, the devil, claiming that no man ever does a good act except from the most selfish motives. (Job i, 9.) If a good man is referred to, he is ready,

with sneering lip, to snarl out, "Is he good for naught?" and then go on to show that it is only to get votes or money or patronage that the mask of goodness is put on. His creed is, that there is neither honesty in man nor virtue in woman that can not be bought. He has set his price on his own principles, and, though it was shamefully low, the man that bought him was badly beaten in the bargain. Now, he seeks to reduce others to the same category with himself. When he dares not say any thing bad about a pure woman, for fear of her friends, he conveys his meaning by hints and innuendoes, by shrugs of the shoulder and winks of the eye, which may be interpreted to mean a great deal or nothing, as a due regard for a whole skin and unbroken bones may dictate. If the case of a young man, who has quit bad habits and is leading a new life, is referred to, he says, "Wait and see." If the name of a pure woman is mentioned in praise, he winks at his neighbor, his face assumes an ugly leer, and he hitches up his left shoulder, and says—nothing, *audibly*, but he says, as plainly as words could make it: "If you knew what I do, you would n't call that woman pure." This man is the worst type of slanderer, because the least responsible.

Well, to be a slanderer is bad enough. A slanderer is a liar and a coward and a thief and a murderer. A liar, because slander consists in circulating that which is false, or without sufficient foundation. A coward, because he has not the courage to face his enemy and utter his charge, but stealthily sneaks up behind, and stabs him in the back. A thief, because he takes that which is valuable, above all things else, namely, reputation.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something,
nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

And a murderer, because nothing but that bitter hatred, which Christ makes to be murder, could move one to stab the

character, to save which, thousands have gladly sacrificed life itself.

There is one more character among talkers that ought to be included in this mention, and that is the slangy talker. There are many distinctions among men on other subjects, but all are reduced to a common level here. All use slang. If you say you do n't, I will be charitable enough to think that you do n't know that you use it,—not that you have lied. Do n't get positive about it, I beg of you, or you will betray yourself by using a slang phrase to prove your innocence. A good-sized dictionary, full of barbarisms, has been engrafted upon our language stock by the people of America. To such an extent has this gone that nobody but an American can understand an American's talk.

In the slang dialect every thing is exaggerated. It never rains but it pours. Nothing is simply nice or desirable. It is "awful nice" or "O. K." or "bully." A slang talker does not say a thing is true by simply asserting, but "you're mighty right," or "you bet." If a man's moral constitution seems to be deficient, he is called "bad mud." Instead of ordering a fellow to hush, he is requested to "cheese it." If he do n't do it, he is liable to have a "head put on him." If a thing is unreasonable, it is said to be "too thin." If any one seems to have a well balanced mind, his "head is level." If a fast workman is to be described, he is said to be "lightning." If a thing is proper, it is called "gilt-edged." If a man dies, he "kicks the bucket." If one comes out ahead of another in any transaction, he is said to have "got away with him," or else he was "too many for him." A man who takes out his pocket-book to pay a bill, is said to "draw his weasel." If a subject becomes tiresome, the speaker is informed that his audience is "full of that." A loafer is a "dead beat;" a journeyman is a "tramp." Then there is "sockdologer," and "scalawag," and "bummer," and so forth, *ad nauseam*. If it appears to be indelicate to mention these things, how

much worse is it that they exist, and make up so large a part of current conversation!

If these objectionable elements were eliminated from our language, what a thinning out would it make in our conversation! But we had better begin the work, and never stop until it is well done, and then begin to talk on right principles. We have alluded to talking as one of the lost arts. We mean it. We might take lessons, in the art of conversation, from former ages. Before the invention of printing, the scarcity of books, and their consequent great cost, made it necessary that much of the knowledge that was transmitted from one generation to another should be conveyed by conversation. And thus it happened that when persons of any information met in social intercourse, they did not talk about the pedigree of a horse, or discuss the respective merits of two gladiators, or wrestlers, or players, or inquire into the philosophy of some game of chance, or take up the latest scandal, or the fashions, or any of the thousand and one useless, if not degrading, themes that claim so large a share of attention nowadays. But they talked of poetry and philosophy, the economy of human life and manners, the cultivation of the intellect, the enlargement of the mind, historical events of their own country and other countries, and such subjects as these. This was in the time of Socrates and Plato and Plutarch. But it did not stop here. When "Rare Ben Jonson" and Shakespeare and Marlowe and Fletcher and Beaumont used to meet, in the keen encounter of wit, at the tavern they frequented, they uttered some of their best and brightest sayings.

The art of conversation was most assiduously cultivated in the time of Sydney Smith and Charles Lamb and Coleridge, and these favorite authors shone as brightly in the social circle as they did in their written productions.

Of what author of the present time can it be said, as it was of Dr. Johnson, that he is remembered more by what he said

in social conversation than by any thing he has written?

Who, that has read of Curran and his contemporaries, has not been delighted with the poetic sentiment, the historical allusion, the classic quotation, the flashes of wit, and the brilliant repartee, that enlivened and enriched their conversation.

How came it to be so? Not by any mere chance, certainly. They prepared themselves for company, not by dressing the body in faultless habiliments merely, but by carefully preparing the mind, as well. Woe to that man or woman that goes into society with garments cut in obsolete style of a month ago, at this day. Woe to the man or woman that went into society with an empty head, in that day. We look to the wardrobe for help to make us shine in company, they looked to the library.

Conversation is as much the product of sowing and cultivating as corn is. We must scour our faculties and sharpen our wits, and if we would only be content to do it, our faculties would shine and our wit cut.

There are books and papers to read, there are sermons and speeches and addresses to be heard, all these by the thousand, and many of them excellent; but an edifying talker who can find? Dull books are pardonable, for there is no life in them. The right of newspapers to be dull is not to be questioned; dullness in a preacher is not to be wondered at, when, in nine cases out of ten, his congregation would be disappointed if he were any thing else; and if he persisted in this heterodoxical course to the third Sabbath, would be called sensational, loud, and all sorts of epithets that are applied to those preachers who are supposed to be on the road to the insane asylum, or to the beggarly elements of this world. And, as for lecturers, if a man standing on a high platform, peering out into the huge vacancy before him, to see his audience of fifty, among the hundreds and hundreds of empty seats (and fourteen of them dead-heads); and turning around every time he ventures to advance

an idea, to see who is mocking him; oppressed by the damp, chilly air, reading by a feeble light, feeling the dizziness of travel, and that dullness of mind which the inspiration of the crowd, the blazing lights, etc., did not dispel; and remembering that that lecture has cost him six months of very close work, on short rations; that though he had been offered several paying positions, he let them go, preferring to risk his merits in the lecture field rather than never be known; that when, at length, the last word of the last line of the last page was written the seventh time, and he had waited almost an age, as it seemed to him, he received a call which was, in substance, this: The committee would advertise the lecture and lecturer, and have a big crowd, and no mistake; the community had long wanted to hear him, prominent men had expressed a desire to see the man who had done so much, etc. They would also secure a hall capable of seating a thousand, the largest in town, not as large as they would like, but they could use gallery and aisles, you know, and crowd in two hundred extra on a pinch. As they were only seeking the lecture, not a speculation, they would take the trouble

for nothing, and give him every thing above the actual expenses,—which actual expenses, as it turned out, amounted to something in excess of the receipts. If, with all these facts and memories crowding upon an already overtaxed brain, with ambition disappointed, hopes blasted, pride humbled, and confidence outraged, sick in body, sick in mind, and sick at heart, if he could be any thing that a word brighter than dull would be any name for, he would be more or less than a man. But while books and papers and preachers and lecturers must be dull, why should the talker be so? With the advantage of close contact with his audience, with all conventionalities gone, with all the advantages he could have anywhere else, and the additional help of the sparkling eye and speaking countenance, natural gesture and living voice, and that subtle magnetism that chains the attention,—with all these, why should any body be counted a bore? There is no reason, except his own neglect to improve and cultivate the powers he possesses. All may not be authors or editors or preachers or lecturers or orators, and make a stir, but all may be good talkers if they try. J. W. M'CORMICK.

THE "BIBLE WOMEN'S WORK" IN LONDON.

IT is reason for thankfulness that woman in Christian lands has been exalted in social position. It is an additional occasion for gratitude that she has an increasingly acknowledged work to do for the Master. A new impulse has been given in this direction by the women's Foreign Missionary Societies of to-day, a work among women abroad most encouraging and hopeful, and that no other can do. But is there not a field of kindred labor at home to be more largely cultivated? not a mission of charity to the poor, but a mission of distinctive Chris-

tian effort on the part of women to sister women? In these seasons of refreshing from on high, and when there is such an urgent call for laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, is there not here an opening that, to a greater extent, may and ought to be occupied,—woman, with open Bible, carrying the Bible-reading and the Inquiry-meeting, united, to the spiritually ignorant of her own sex? Hoping just here to kindle inspiration, we wish, in this paper to give an account of a work, the most wonderful in its rise and progress that has, perhaps, ever emanated

from the heart and brain of a single woman. We refer to the "Bible Women's Work" in the four-millions city of London.

The brave and noble-souled Livingstone, whose remains now rest in classic Westminster Abbey, on his last departure from his native shores, dropped this remark: "If I were not a missionary to Africa I would be a missionary to the poor of London." This seed-utterance fell into the heart of a Christian woman, and, germinating, inspired the effort we are about to chronicle. In the year 1857, on a midsummer afternoon, this lady, who had been engaged in the circulation of the Word of God in country districts, and who had recently become a citizen of London, was in company with a retired physician, an old-time village neighbor, Dr. Hunter, since gone to his reward. They walked together through the streets of St. Giles, the "Five Points" of the great city, made familiar to him through his professional labors of years gone by. It was an exploration of the condition of the London poor. The question was asked, how far these people, in their countless courts and alleys, would be found to be supplied with the Bible. The inquiry grew into a determination to ascertain the fact. The city mission had previously been established and was doing a good work through men missionaries. Inquiry was made of the missionary of this district if he knew of a poor pious woman who would venture with a bag of Bibles into every room of the abandoned and sinful throughout this quarter. The woman was found. *Marian* was of the same humble life, and acquainted with all the ways of St. Giles. She brought to the poor and degraded of her own sex God's message; not to give, for it would have gone to the pawnbroker's, but to purchase, in installments.

A secondary purpose was to improve the temporal condition of the poor, to instill habits of cleanliness,—in a word, to build up Christian homes. Sympathy, love, was manifested; and hearts of drunken, dissolute, filthy women were

reached at the very outset. The visitor was often invited to come in and read the message. Then a few would gather together in a tea-meeting. Five pounds were put into the treasury, a gift of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Thus began the "Bible Women's Work" in London. The mission was to the "sunken sixth,"—those who never presented themselves at the church, and who were without, beneath, all good influences, unreached by the man missionary. Only one in fifty of the working classes of the vast metropolis was found to be a church-goer. As a result of the first month's labor, seventy subscribers for the Bible were on the list. From this humble beginning, with one Bible Woman and five pounds in hand, the work has multiplied until today there are upwards of two hundred Bible Women, seventy nurses, and about two hundred lady superintendents, without salary,—an aggregate of five hundred warm, loving hearts engaged in this Christian enterprise.

Mrs. Ranyard, the founder, still lives, giving direction and inspiration to the whole work. It is, indeed, a most wonderful growth, and presents a subject well worthy of study and devout thanksgiving to God. It should move Christian woman every-where to arise, and, in faith and love, put forth effort in the common cause. No public meetings are held; there is no elaborate machinery. It is undenominational, a center where all may meet who love the Master, and whose hearts beat in sympathy with those whom he loved even unto death.

Thousands of poor mothers have found Christ; homes have taken the place of dens; husbands and fathers have been reclaimed, and children reared no longer in vice, but in the ways of holiness. The Bible Woman must be of humble life, an earnest Christian, familiar with the Scriptures, able to pray with and to instruct those who desire religious help. She engages to devote five hours daily to the work, excepting Saturday, and receives as compensation therefor two shillings, or fifty cents, a day. In-

struction is also to be given in needle-work, in cooking, and in the ways and habits of cleanliness. Clothing and bedding are furnished at reduced price to those whose circumstances so require. Each Bible Woman has a lady superintendent, to whom weekly reports are made, and from whom the salary is received. The latter holds Mothers' Meetings and takes the district supervision. The lady superintendents make regular reports to the chief superintendent. The organization is thus very simple in its working, and very efficient. The "British and Foreign Bible Society" have recognized it, and make a free grant of all the Bibles the Bible Women can sell, the profits to go to the mission. A few "Friends in Council" have been invited to give their assistance. They meet from time to time in consultation with the ladies; the accounts of moneys are submitted to them. This "Council of Reference" verifies the business details in the public eye, and inspires public confidence. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the honorable Mr. and Mrs. Kinnard, the Rev. William Arthur, and others in high social or official position, of varied parties and ecclesiastical preferences, are members of this Advisory Board.

In Turkey, aged Mohammedan women, who have made the coveted pilgrimage to Mecca, in the sacred green veils, go from house to house, with the Koran in a neat bag slung round their necks. On the bag is inscribed, "Let none touch it but the pure." They are the itinerant Koran-readers, and are treated with the greatest respect and reverence. These Bible Women go forth with the Book, and seek to put it in the hands of all to whom the divine Author has sent it, that the impure may become pure, and inherit its blessed promises.

About ten years from the commencement of the mission, another feature was added,—that of Bible Women Nurses. Serving three months as Bible Women, thereafter passing three months in hospital training, with an additional three months of probation, and they are fully

installed in this capacity. The subject of woman's work for God appears to be coming every year more prominently before the Protestant Churches. The Church of Rome, having always been aware of the value of such service in its ecclesiastical employment, has long diligently trained its female members in conventual houses, for the benefit of the rich and poor, in entire submission to priestly guidance. But they are not Bible Women Nurses. They do not carry the Book with them. Ritualist sisters have, to some extent, imitated their example, likewise in professional garb. An approach to this feature has also been made in Germany, in the institution of the order of Deaconesses, having its origin with Fliehdner, in the year 1830, in the establishment of the Kaiserswerth on the Lower Rhine.

A hundred such houses are scattered over the Father-land, Holland, and Switzerland. These Protestant Sisters of Charity render valuable service in hospital and private home, their gratuitous ministrations irrespective of rank or condition. But the Bible Women Nurses, undistinguished by dress, are more distinctively Christian, alike in character and service. Without neglecting the body, the wants of the soul are sought to be met. In becoming nurses, they do not cease to be Bible Women. The Book finds a place in the chamber of the sick.

Sixty thousand dollars were received the last year for this mission. There is no public solicitation or Church appeals. It is a work of faith and prayer, and its results and wants are simply made known through the agency of a monthly magazine, bearing the significant title of the *Missing Link*. There are monthly meetings of the Bible Women and Nurses in their large room in Parker Street (now too small). This is an important feature of the organization. It cements the spirit of love and union among the workers, and furnishes an occasion for words of sympathy and encouragement from invited and interested guests. We can never forget a gathering of this kind, a

few months since, at which we were present, by the courtesy of the superintendent. It seemed to us then, and it seems to us now, in the retrospect, one of the grandest scenes that we were permitted to witness in the Old World. The three hundred Bible Women and Nurses were present in full force, with an addition of certain of the lady superintendents. These workers were chiefly in middle life; determination and consecrated earnestness were written upon their faces. As we looked upon them, we would gladly have sat at their feet and listened to the story of their labors, their trials and successes, in the courts and alleys, the garrets and cellars, of this wonderful London world. We could but entertain profound respect for these fellow-laborers in the kingdom and patience of the Lord Jesus Christ. They appeared, not as fellow-laborers, but far beyond, in their more delicate and difficult calling, with experiences peculiarly their own. The first exercise was the singing of that hymn, the introduction of which into England, in the words of the Earl of Shaftesbury, would be alone sufficient reason of gratitude for the advent of Moody and Sankey to their shores,—“Hold the Fort.” There was soul-meaning in the words to them, and the “we will” burst forth with a determined ring. During the exercises that followed, the prayers and the talk of a “helping Spirit,” tears and responses, betokened the deep feeling of these godly women. How eagerly they fed upon the Word! Those three hundred upturned, anxious, resolute faces, haunt us still. They had been dug out of the pit themselves. They would stretch forth a hand to lift their sisters up.

Space does not permit the mention of but a single instance or two among the many that are given. “Don’t go up those stairs; that demon will trample you to pieces,” was said to a gentle Bible Woman as she entered one of the most dangerous alleys of the London pandemonium. It was the abode of a large, terrible woman, given to drunkenness and every species of sin and crime, the

terror of all the neighborhood. “It is to such I am sent,” was the quiet reply of the Bible Woman, as she passed in with the Book. The demon was cast out, and the great sinner was humbled at the feet of the great Savior. A young married woman, having led a gay and giddy life, was dying of consumption. The Bible Women visited her from time to time, singing, among her favorite hymns, “Safe in the Arms of Jesus.” The dying girl, on hearing it, turned quickly around, saying, “O, do sing that once again; it is so sweet.” After a little slumber, she exclaimed: “Where is the Bible Woman?” She looked upon her with an expression of countenance actually fearful,—all her features telling, by anticipation, the miseries of a lost soul. She shrieked aloud, “I am lost—I am going straight to hell. I tell you, Christ can not pardon me. I am lost, lost, lost!” She sank back exhausted, and the servant of God continued in prayer by her side. After a few moments, the dying woman fastened her closing eyes on the Bible Woman, and said, “O, I have seen Jesus, and he has forgiven me. It is to heaven I am going. God bless you. Pray for my husband. I am forgiven. Good-bye.” And she fell asleep in death. Eternity alone can reveal the many, many souls that have passed, through the hands of the Bible Women, to glory.

The number of Bibles sold has been increasing for several years. Last year it amounted to 11,129, with the price paid of seven thousand five hundred dollars. From the published records of the mission, of its results and manner of operation, many kindred societies have been established in other towns of Great Britain, and even upon the Continent, including the seven-hilled capital of Rome. It has also been found a helpful auxiliary to the foreign mission work in distant lands. In conclusion, we will give a list of the books that have proceeded from the fertile pen of “L. N. R.,” in addition to the burden of the general superintendency of the entire mission enterprise. Those particularly, which have reference

to the operations of the society, should be in the hands of every Christian woman as an inspiration to Christian activity, and for the practical hints which may therein be found in respect of the most desirable methods of such activity. The first, in order of time, is entitled the "Missing Link," being a compilation of selected articles from the magazine bearing the same name. This was followed, in a year and a half, by the "Life Work," wherein it is attempted to be shown that the "Link" has proved trustworthy. To this, succeeded the "Book and its Story," undertaken at the request of the Jubilee Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society during its semi-centennial year. This work has had a large sale, and has been translated into the French, Dutch, and German languages. Thereupon appeared "Fresh Leaves from the Book and its Story," which has been widely read by "Bible Women," "city missionaries," and "working-men," of a Sunday afternoon, and which has also proved acceptable to Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, and to the young generally. Subsequently, there was given to the public, "Stones Crying Out," to illustrate the history of Israel and of the patriarchs from stone monuments. This has been found particularly useful as a guide-book to the Nineveh galleries of the British Museum. "God's Message in Low London" was then sent forth, to give a report of the fourteen years of trial of the mission. And, last of all, at the monthly meeting, spoken of above, there was presented to us, by the author, her latest publication, fresh from the press, "Nurses for the Needy; or, Bible Women Nurses in the Homes of the London Poor," an institution that has shown itself to be a second "Missing Link" between the widely separated classes of the great metropolis.

These books are published by James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street, London,

W., and may be ordered through any respectable bookseller. What a vast life-work for one woman, and she a partial invalid! The zeal, the tact, the administrative ability, the comprehensiveness in planning, and the patient mastery of details; the persistent, steady toil, and the great success, are simply a wonder. The big heart of this devoted woman takes in the entire big city. We attended a meeting of ladies at her home, some of them of the highest social position, for a consultation (in connection with other agencies) with respect to a house to house visitation throughout London. This immense undertaking, such as the world has never seen, has already, to a great extent, been carried to an accomplishment.

We commend this "Bible Women's work" to the thoughtful, prayerful study of the Christian women of America. It is matter of surprise that such effort has, to such an extent, in the past, been neglected, while so many women of God find no systematic and continuous mission of usefulness. Organization is essential. The plan of the society, of which we have here written, with slight modifications, made necessary by different social customs, might be found available for the towns and cities of our own land. There are neglected classes still among us, in the native as well as of the foreign population. A "Woman's Home Missionary Society" would meet a felt want. It would prove a welcome auxiliary to missionary workers already in the field, and a much needed supplement to the legitimate pastoral service. Many wives and mothers, who, without such organization, will forever remain unreached, would arise and call their helping sisters blessed. Would to God that there might be manifested, among our own Christian women, in home effort, the same devoted, Christ-like, and undenominational spirit which characterizes this great work in the world's great city!

GIDEON DRAPER.

OLD-TIME SONGS.

THE long gray shadows of the Winter twilight
Swing somberly among the dark green cedar-trees,
And stark and white, like phantom, looms the mountain,—
A loyal vigil-keeper that stands and never flees.

O high-browed hill, that ever looketh downward
Upon the haunts and homes of living men,
And far, far out on yonder sobbing ocean,
What are the secrets open to thy ken?

The frosty surge that rolls in savage rhythm,
With arms uplift to grasp some hapless bark,
Brings us no tidings from a distant country,
But hurries wildly through the outer dark.

Then comes no sunny glimpse of well-known faces,
They glad another fireside than our own;
But trembling seems the air with tender music,
Like the low murmur of a spirit-tone.

For o'er and o'er the old-time songs are breaking,
In gusts of silvery sound, upon my brain;
Mayhap the ruddy fire-light's leap and laughter
Awake their silent notes to voice again.

Without, the wind sweeps by with shriek and shiver,
On wild, wide wings he lifts the drifting snow,
But can not touch the sweet home-calm to tumult,
Where echo still the strains of long ago;

Some by the songs of mirth and merry-making,
Chanted when Summer sun hung goldenly o'er all;
And some that rose on voices heavy laden,
Pressed by a weight of tears that would not, could not fall.

But whether sung in hours of grief or gladness,
When morning blushes still were fresh and new,
Or when the burning tread of noonday scattered
The silver footprints of the early dew;

Or in the softened hush that comes at gloaming,
It matters not, their sweetness can not die;
Nay, though our minstrels prove at morn God's skylarks,
And soar from sight up nearer to the sky.

When that dread Winter twilight darkens round me,
Which none can flee, and earth's sun is sinking low,
Through the heaven-choral ringing I shall faintly catch the singing
Of old familiar voices, in their rhythmic ebb and flow,
And the "new song" shall blend with the strains of long ago.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

INTOXICANTS.

FAR away, toward the North Pole, where all the vegetation of the temperate zone is unknown, a poisonous *Fungus*, or vile toad-stool, grows, which produces a drug that benumbs the senses, and induces a species of intoxication not unlike that which results from whisky. The Indians of the tropics had discovered, in the juice of the poison *Holly*, a substance known to intoxicate, long before the advent of white men. The Indians of Peru and Bolivia used the leaves of the *Coca* for the purpose of intoxication. The bush grows to the height of six or eight feet, with white flowers and small, bright green leaves. When full-grown, the leaves are gathered and dried for use. The common mode of using the leaves is to carry them in a pouch, and chew them like tobacco. The coquero can not enjoy the drug unless he drops all business and labor. For its perfect enjoyment, three or four times a day, he sits down, opens his pouch, takes out a quantity of leaves, rolls them into a ball, and puts them into his mouth. He stretches himself upon the grass, chews the coca, and swallows the juice. The effect is to stupefy the system, and produce a repose that is almost like a stupor. When twenty or thirty minutes have passed away, he starts up, and is ready to resume his toil.

Anciently, the Indians burned coca on the altars of their gods. And even now, at funerals, they fill the mouth of the corpse with the leaves, to secure the soul an easy passage to the spirit world. "The confirmed victim of coca often loses all self-control and self-respect, and becomes wretched and degraded beyond description. The vice is said to be harder to escape from than the passion for alcohol. The gait becomes unsteady, the skin yellow, and purple rings encircle the dim and sunken eyes; the breath is foul, the lips perpetually quiver, as with fever or despair; the mind is feeble, un-

hinged, and full of visions, which one mistakes for reality; and, finally, loathing all healthful food, and insanely craving abominable things, the victim fears to look his fellow-men in the face; he flies from the haunts of men, and, in some hiding-place, gives himself up without restraint to his vice, and succumbs to his fate."

An intoxicating beverage of great power is made of the seeds of the red *Thorn-apple* in some parts of the world. This beverage causes a sort of transport, and, while it continues, the imagination is strongly excited. The deluded victims of this vice are led to believe that these hallucinations of mind are visions. A traveler in Peru describes the effect of the drug: "Shortly after having swallowed the drug, the person falls into a heavy stupor. He sits with eyes vacantly fixed on the ground, his mouth convulsively closed, and his nostrils dilated. In the course of about a quarter of an hour, his eyes begin to roll, foam issues from his half-opened lips, and his whole body is agitated by frightful convulsions. These violent symptoms having subsided, a profound sleep of several hours succeeds."

It is believed that the priests of ancient Greece used the seeds of the thorn-apple to give the semblance of supernatural influence.

The *Betel Nut* is the seed of the areca palm of India, and grows upon the southern slope of the Himalayas. It is used by about one hundred millions of people. Its effect is that of a mild narcotic. The tree grows to about thirty feet high, and the nut is an inch long, and conical-shaped. It is cut in pieces, and sprinkled with quicklime, and then wrapped in the leaf of the pepper plant, and is thus prepared for chewing. In chewing, the mouth is stained red, and red saliva flows freely. If chewed in considerable quantities, it produces gid-

diness; and the habit attains such a hold upon those who use the nut, that they suffer more from a short supply of betel than from short rations of food. The Hindoo fancies that this drug does him good every way. It helps him in his toils, lightens the weariness of a journey, and yields comfort in the hours of sorrow. The annual consumption is about two hundred thousand tons.

The scouts sent out by Columbus, when he landed on the island of Hispaniola, upon their return, reported a strange practice among the natives. These savages carried hollow tubes, in one end of which they placed the dry leaves of a plant, unknown to the Europeans, and, setting fire to it, blew the smoke through their mouths and nostrils. We refer to *Tobacco*, which was introduced into Europe by Hernandez de Toledo, about the year 1559.

In 1587, Sir Walter Raleigh returned from Virginia to England, bringing two new plants, tobacco and the potato. For a time Sir Walter kept his habit of smoking to himself, but one day a servant, who had been sent for a mug of beer, returned and found his master smoking. Seeing the smoke pouring from Raleigh's mouth and nose, the terrified servant dashed the beer into his master's face, and ran out, shouting for help, and declaring that his master was on fire inside, and burning up.

Tobacco became known in France, Spain, and Italy, as a plant of mysterious virtues and great value. It was considered a powerful remedy in disease. But it was soon discovered that it was being used as a luxury, and was becoming a vice. The governments of Europe deemed it a duty to resist this folly. King James I of England laid a heavy tax upon the importation, and wrote a book against it. Pope Urban, in 1624, forbade the use of snuff in the churches. Russia prohibited smoking under the penalty of having the nose cut off by the public hangman, and the Sultan of Turkey made the use of tobacco punishable with death. Soon, however, these governments

learned that the vice could be turned to account as a source of revenue. The amount used in the world, at present, is about one thousand millions of pounds annually. The internal revenue arising from tobacco is over \$30,000,000 in the United States.

Every part of the plant is possessed of a peculiar principle, in small quantity, but of fearful power, called nicotine. A pound of the dry leaves contains about one ounce. In the process of burning, this substance yields a concentrated oil. In its action on the animal system, this is one of the most virulent poisons, a single drop sufficing to destroy a dog.

The effect of tobacco is narcotic, that is, it allays morbid sensibility, relieves pain, and produces sleep; but in large doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and, if pushed too far, death. In a certain case, the smoking of a cigar increased the pulse from seventy-four to eighty-six per minute. It is one of the principal agents in producing heart disease.

The *Indian Hemp* intoxicant has been known for ages. Herodotus, who wrote twenty-three centuries ago, spoke of it. It is said that during the Crusades the Saracens used to drug themselves with it, and then with reckless fury make an attack upon the Christian army. Livingstone speaks of its use in Africa: "It causes a species of frenzy; and, Sebituane's soldiers, on coming in sight of their enemies, sat down and smoked it, that they might make an effective onslaught." Its effect is so pernicious that there is not an old man in the tribe who has ever been addicted to it.

Bayard Taylor once tested the effect of the drug. He, by mistake, took twice as much as he ought to have done; suddenly a thrill shot through him, and then another and another in quick succession; then he seemed to grow to a gigantic size; his whole being seemed filled with unutterable rapture; a bliss so deep, full, exquisite, that the very possibility of such happiness was a revelation; visions rose before him; now he was climbing the

great pyramids of Cheops ; now he sailed in a boat of pearl over a desert whose sands were grains of shining gold, while the sky was filled with rainbows innumerable ; the air was thick with delicious perfumes, and music, soft and entrancing, floated around him. Suddenly, the vision changed, and he fancied that he was a mass of transparent jelly, which the confectioner was trying to pour into a twisted mold. At this ludicrous idea he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, and lo ! each tear became a loaf of bread, rolling down upon the floor.

Then came a sudden change of sensations. He felt as if on fire from fierce internal heat ; his mouth seemed as hard and dry as brass, and his tongue felt like a bar of rusty iron ; he caught a pitcher and drank long and deep, but was not able to taste the water, or feel its coolness ; his sufferings grew more and more intense ; in agony indescribable, he stood in the middle of the room, brandishing his arms convulsively, heaving sighs which seemed to shatter his whole being, and crying loudly for help ; then he fancied that his throat was filling up with blood, which rose till crimson streams poured out of his ears. Maddened by his agonies, he rushed out upon the roof of the house, and, as he did so, raised his hands to his head, and imagined that all the flesh had dropped off, and left nothing but a hideous, grinning skull ; turning back to the room, he sank down in measureless distress and despair. Reaction had come.

But now a new horror was added : the fear came upon him that the poison had made him permanently insane, and that from the torments into which he had plunged, there was no escape. At last, he fell into a stupor, which continued thirty hours ; and when he began to awake, it was with a system utterly prostrate and unstrung, his brain clouded with visions, and all around him dim and shadowy. And thus he remained for days, scarcely noticing things about him, scarcely able to distinguish the real from the imaginary. This romantic account

illustrates, in an exaggerated form, the whole subject of inebriation.

Another of the intoxicants is *Opium*. It is the product of the white poppy, and the annual trade of the East India Company is ten or eleven million pounds, of which China is the leading consumer. The effects of the habit, when fully established, may be seen in communities where it is openly practiced. "As the hour for his daily dose approaches, the Turkish opium-eater drags his emaciated frame slowly to the shop where he buys the drug, and, turning his livid countenance toward the vendor, demands his customary dose, which is small or large according to the length of time during which he has yielded to its sway. Clutching it with eager hands, he devours it, and reclines upon a couch to await, in stillness and silence the coveted result. Soon new life seems to thrill along every nerve ; his face flushes, his dull eyes brighten, his lips grow red ; he lies passive and inert, yet new power seems to him to steal along every muscle of his languid body, and inspire every faculty of his mind ; he feels strong as Hercules, as bold as a lion, as eloquent as all the bards of Araby the Blest ; his wild eye gazes upon floating scenes of beauty and triumph. Now the observer sees him half-rising from his couch, and muttering unintelligibly a moment ; he imagines himself exalted before an entranced audience, pouring forth a rushing flood of words which sweeps all before it. The listeners hear him utter a prolonged groan ; he imagines that he is singing a sweeter song than was ever sung by hours in paradise. They see him writhe uneasily, and for a moment wave his hand feebly in the air ; he fancies that he is brandishing the saber of a mighty conqueror, cutting through hostile hosts, and winning crowns and empires by his valor." In three or four hours, the opium-eater awakes, one of the most wretched of mortals. His brain seems on fire, and yet his limbs are as heavy as lead.

The "Confessions of an Opium-eater," by Thomas De Quincey, corroborates all

that has been written above, and prove that the opium habit is the most slavish appetite among men, and still it is on the increase.

Though the *Alcoholic* habit is not as powerful as the opium habit, yet, from the circumstances connected with the sale of intoxicating drinks, there is far greater danger from it.

At a very early date, men learned that the fermented grape was possessed of a powerful intoxicating substance. Grape wine, together with palm wine (the fermented juice of the palm-tree), were used all over the East, and their effect may be seen in the fearful ravages of intemperance. With a large portion of the people, it was the custom to boil wine down to a consistency that prevented fermentation, and, with many, it was a common practice to dilute it with water. The ancients used to adulterate wines with aromatic herbs and spices, to give them flavor.

Lucius Lucullus, according to Pliny, distributed one hundred thousand gallons of wine at a single entertainment. At his death, ten thousand barrels of choice wines were found stored in the cellars of Hortensius, the orator. In Italy, at one time, wine was more easily procured than water.

"Lodged at Ravenna, water sells so dear,
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.
By a Ravenna vintner once betrayed,
So much for wine and water mixed I paid;
But when I thought the purchased liquor mine,
The rascal fobbed me off with only wine."

At an early date, wine was manufactured in almost every monastery of Great Britain. In the twelfth century, "the strongest wines were in greatest request, and claret and other weak wines were little valued."

In A. D. 1199, Rochelle wine was sold for twenty shillings the tun, or fourpence the gallon. A careful investigation will show that wine, for hundreds of years, has been valued for its intoxicating properties, and the strongest has been considered the best.

Beer was invented by the Egyptians. Its Latin name, *cerevisia*, is from Ceres, the goddess of corn. An ancient writer

says the Pannonians, on the banks of the Danube, made a drink from barley and millet. Tacitus says the Germans prepared a beverage from barley, resembling wine. Pliny also speaks of an intoxicating liquor made from corn.

The ancient Britons became acquainted with beer at an early date; but mead was the favorite beverage, a compound of honey and water fermented. In Wales the mead-maker was held to be the eleventh person in point of dignity. The ancient and peculiar drink of the Irish was ale. In the reign of Edward Fourth, three hundred tuns of ale were used at a single feast. Spiced ale was sold in the eleventh century for eightpence per gallon. In 1251, two gallons of ale could be bought for a penny. In 1471, the maximum price was three half-pence a gallon. Hollinshed, in the sixteenth century, says, "The people will drink until they are as red as cocks, and little wiser than their combs."

Porter was first manufactured in 1722. It derives its name from the fact that it was first made for the use of porters. Hops are first mentioned in 1552, the date of the first license law.

Arnoldus de Villa, or Villanovia, a writer of the thirteenth century, is the first who distinctly alludes to the art of distillation. Raymond Lully, a native of Majorca, who died in 1315, dwells in enthusiastic terms upon the newly discovered medicine, *aqua vitæ*. In the sixteenth century, alcohol became more generally known. Distillation was not conducted on a large scale until the end of the seventeenth century. The product was called usquebaugh, in Ireland, and was a favorite beverage of Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, one of the female friends of Charles the Second. But this vice did not alienate the friendship of the king.

The revenue from distillation, in Ireland, was £5,785, in the year 1719. Whisky has been the cause of more riot and bloodshed, in Ireland, than all other causes combined. In 1729, the home consumption was four hundred and thirty-

nine thousand one hundred and fifty gallons, and, in 1795, four million five hundred and five thousand four hundred and forty-seven. In this interval the population doubled. An eminent writer remarks that "the art of extracting alcoholic liquors from grain must be regarded as the greatest evil ever inflicted on human nature."

The people of China are said to distill a sort of liquor from mutton, as they make arrack from rice. The inhabitants of Tartary ferment mare's milk. Some of the tribes of Indians understood the process of fermentation, and almost every tribe of men on the face of the earth have found some means of inebriation.
J. F. PARKER.

HENRY WILSON.

TRUDGING along one Autumn afternoon, foot-sore and weary, with a stout hickory staff in one hand, and a little bundle of clothing, wrapped in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, in the other, a stalwart young man, rustic in appearance, but with an honest, intelligent countenance, was now within four miles of the end of his journey, when farmer French, passing that way, bade him jump into his wagon, and ride the rest of the way to town. This farmer boy, gentle reader, was Henry Wilson, from Farmington, New Hampshire, now entering Natick, Massachusetts, for the first time. He intends to try his hand at shoe-making.

Forty years have passed. It is Monday afternoon, November 30, 1875. The cold is intense, a piercing north-east wind stings into your very soul, but the streets of Natick are crowded with a vast multitude; it is not a gala day, yet the marts of business are closed, the buildings are heavily draped with funereal emblems, and almost every one you meet bears on his person some token of mourning. Minute guns are booming; the bells in all the steeples are tolling; a silent assemblage lines each side of the railroad, as a funeral train slowly winds its way up to the depot. A magnificent casket is tenderly lowered from the cars, encircled by the most distinguished men in the nation. It is borne by military guards, amidst strains of dirge-like, mar-

tial music, and the suppressed sighs and sobs of the immense concourse, to the spacious Town Hall, where Governor Gaston, in fitting words of eloquence and affection, commits to the chief authorities of the place all that is mortal of one of America's best and greatest statesmen. This is Henry Wilson's last entrance into Natick,—the town made historic by its association with his illustrious name. To trace the career of Henry Wilson, the tramp, to the death of Henry Wilson, the last Vice-President of these United States, will be our object in this article.

It has been sometimes remarked that the late Vice-President owed nothing of his success to his ancestry. Dr. Manning, in a magnificent eulogy uttered over the coffin in the State-house of the commonwealth, declared, "Name and lineage did nothing for him but drag him down, nor could he begin to rise until he had cast them off." Of his immediate ancestors this statement may be correct, but of his lineage it is precisely the reverse of true. He was descended from one of the most vigorous offshoots of the Anglo-Saxon race,—the colonists whom Oliver Cromwell induced to settle in the north of Ireland, after he had driven to the wilds of Connaught, at the point of the bayonet, the rude Celtic clans, to whom the territory or province of Ulster originally belonged. In many a fierce encounter with both Romish and

regal tyranny, these colonists, from both England and Scotland, showed what metal they were of. In their stubborn, indomitable defense of Enniskillen, and in their enthusiastic valor behind the ramparts of Londonderry, they proved to the world that they were indeed the sons of war-proof sires. This was the blood that coursed in the veins of Henry Wilson. No truer type of the Cromwellian mold ever trod the earth than he; no nobler, braver, or more God-fearing soul ever swung a saber, or sang a Psalm, under the banners of the invincible Protector.

The family name of the departed statesman was Colbath or Colbrath, of this colonial Scotch-Irish extraction. He was the son of Winthrop and Abigail Colbath, of Farmington, New Hampshire, born February 16, 1812, and christened Jeremiah Jones Colbath, a name which he bore until he was seventeen years of age, when, by vote of the Legislature, he was allowed to assume his mother's family name, and was thus known as Henry Wilson. We are told that this changing of his name has in it an item of romance. A young lady, for whom he cherished an early affection, while attached to his person, had a strong repugnance to his name. To gratify her, the change was secured, and certainly it was a change for the better. We commend the young lady's taste. Mr. Jeremiah Jones Colbath was a name to choke an alligator.

For his lowly origin, he never blushed; of his honor and eminence, he never boasted. There was nothing about him of the swagger of the magnificent boast, "I am a self-made man," and "I worship my Creator." Nor yet was there any of the ostentation of the shoddy aristocrat, seeking, by vulgar display, to cover up the squalor of his cradle. When in the United States Senate, he was taunted by Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, with being a mudsill and a hireling manual laborer. He replied that he was also the "son of a hireling manual laborer." There were seven

children of the family, of whom two brothers still survive him. But we must let him, in his own honest, manly language, tell the story of his early days. In a speech, delivered during the last Presidential campaign, not far from the place of his birth, he thus speaks, with characteristic pathos:

"I feel that I have a right to speak for toiling, and to toiling, men. I was born in your county of Strafford. I was born in poverty; want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home when I was ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year; and, at the end of eleven years of hard work, I received a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. Eighty-four dollars for eleven years of hard toil! I never spent the amount of one dollar in money, counting every penny, from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to walk weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that, in October, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town, and went through all the mills, seeking for employment. If any body had offered me nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went to Salmon Falls, to Dover, to New Market, and tried to get work, without success; and I returned home, foot-sore and weary, but not discouraged. I put my pack upon my back, and walked to where I now live, in Massachusetts, and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in the world; and every pulsation of my heart, every conviction of my judgment, every aspiration of my soul, puts me on the side of the toiling men of this country, aye, of all countries. The first month I worked, after I was twenty-one years of age, I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs and wood, rose in the morning before daylight, and worked hard until after dark at night; and I received for it the magnificent sum of six dollars. Each

of these dollars looked as large as the moon looked to night."

The limits of this article will not allow even a summary of the important acts which mark the public life of this distinguished statesman. For twenty years a member of the Senate of the United States, he saw eighty-three of those occupying seats with him in that august assemblage pass away.

The character of this remarkable man is, to us and all mankind, of much greater importance than any or all of the noble deeds which have so distinguished his career.

If asked concerning the secret of Mr. Wilson's success and greatness, we would answer, in the first place, he had a genius for hard work. Sweat of the brow, sweat of the brain, sweat of the soul, were his. While yet a child, his first decade not attained, he took a contract from a neighbor to remove a stump from his field, and resolutely he dug away all day long until his task was accomplished, and he received his stipulated recompense,—the sum total of one cent! Here we have the key to his character. He was an indefatigable digger; he dug his way from the cabin to the Capitol; and there, under that magnificent dome, the scene of his many toils and triumphs, he passed away. Another commendable feature of the life of our late Vice-President was his faithful performance of whatever work he put his hand to. He felt, all along through his early days, that Providence had work for him other than to drive oxen, or to peg shoes. But he also saw that the way for him to rise to that higher and more important work was to do, honestly and well, the duty of the present hour. With the noble ambition glowing in his breast to act in a wider sphere for the good of his country and his kind, he did not spend his time in repining at his hard lot, or listlessly waiting, with folded arms, for something to turn up. He made even unfavorable circumstances bend to his inflexible determination, and become the most potent factors in elevating him to his high estate.

At the shoemaker's bench he toiled with Titanic energy, working often sixteen hours out of the twenty-four,—working two days and one night without cessation. Undertaking to make fifty pairs of shoes—a week's work—without stopping, but, baffled at the forty-seventh pair, he falls asleep from sheer exhaustion; making, on an average, from all this toil, after paying his board and some incidental expenses, a clear gain of five dollars a week. Said his boarding mistress, "He is a very good young man, but he keeps us all from sleeping by his continual pounding." But what is all this continual pounding for? Not to hoard up money, not to lavish his earnings, but to secure means for satisfying the cravings of a hungry mind. Up to this time he had not been one year at school; yet he had read not far from one thousand volumes; nor was he quite two years at school in all his life.

Well does the writer of this article remember with what intense delight he listened to Mr. Wilson, while honored for an evening with his presence. When sitting at the tea-table, he told, for the entertainment and profit of the boys in the family, a few of the incidents of his early history. Said he: "I was bound out to a farmer when ten years of age, one part of the agreement being that every year I should have a month's schooling; but this not in regular order, but on rainy days, or when work on the farm was not urgent. On one occasion I was advised by my teacher to commence the study of English grammar. I told him I had no book; he replied, 'I will lend you mine.' This proposal was gladly accepted. It was about three weeks before I returned to school. Said the teacher, 'How have you made out with the grammar lesson?' I told him I had got one, and was ready to recite. And so, commencing, leaf after leaf of the grammar was repeated, until the teacher, in surprise, inquired, 'How much have you got?' 'The whole book,' was my answer." "And did you get the entire English grammar for one lesson?"

we asked, with an amazement as great as that of the teacher. "O yes," was his modest reply. "I had a good memory in those days."

With seven hundred dollars, the result of his earnest pounding at the shoe-bench, he returned to New Hampshire, and, entering an academy, determined to secure a liberal education; but suddenly all his plans were disordered by the failure of the man to whom his funds were intrusted; and he teaches through a Winter term to obtain funds for the payment of his board. Not long after, we find him again in Natick, driving away, with the same irresistible energy, at his old occupation. Pretty soon he became a manufacturer, and for several years was at the head of a large business. But his telling speeches, in the Natick Debating Society, soon convinced his townsmen that he was fitted for a grander sphere of activity, and, in 1840, he was returned to the State Legislature; and, from this, he entered upon a most brilliant and patriotic public career, ending with his death as Vice-President of the United States, the second position of honor and importance in a nation of forty millions. Still the man was grander than the official. Henry Wilson shed more luster upon the chair of the Vice-President than he received from it. Those versed in political probabilities declare that, had his life been spared, the next election would have made him chief magistrate of the nation.

The same indefatigable industry, the same intense application to duty, marks his career as a statesman as strongly as it did his life as a mechanic. He never worked harder in the workshop than he did in the Senate chamber; never drove his awl with more vigor than he did his pen. No legislator in our nation ever secured the passage of so many bills. None ever advocated so many wise and good measures. In addition to all this, his magnificent work of three large octavo volumes, the last not quite completed, on "The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," will be a mon-

ument to his memory as grand and enduring as any column of granite or bronze which his admiring countrymen may erect in his honor.

Another distinguishing feature in the character of Mr. Wilson was his philanthropy; he toiled not for himself, but for the good of others. Worn down with his excessive labors, bleeding at the lungs, and threatened with consumption, in the year 1835, he took a journey to the South, seeking to regain his failing health. This journey was one of the most important events in his life, not merely because he recovered from his illness, but because it pointed out and decided his life-work. He visited the National Capital at a time when some of the most famous statesmen were advocating the most atrocious measures against the liberty of the Republic. To save slavery, free speech, a free press, and the right of petition, must be crushed. He heard Mr. Pinckney advocate his gag resolution, declaring against the reception of anti-slavery memorials, and saw it receive a majority vote of the House. It was during the period of his visit that Mr. Calhoun's Incendiary Publication Bill, designed to prevent the transmission, through the mails, of abolition publications, was passed to be engrossed, by the casting vote of Vice-President Van Buren. If any thing further were necessary to fix in this young man's mind an inveterate, uncompromising hostility to slavery, it was the visit which he then made to the barracoons and auction-rooms where immortal beings were herded and bartered like brutes. He left the South, the stern, unyielding foe of the peculiar institution.

To fight slavery with the keen and polished weapons of the philosopher or rhetorician was not the part allotted to Henry Wilson. It was his to awaken the strong common sense, to stir and direct the surging sympathies, of the populace; and his rigid training in the school of adversity gave him a pre-eminent fitness for this especial work. He saw the immense power that was on the side of the oppressor, and declares, "Slavery had

a giant's strength, and used it like a giant." But, from the very onset, he maintained a clear and firm conviction that slavery was doomed. In the very first speech which he makes against it in the Legislature, he predicts for it a Waterloo defeat. There were times when he seemed to rise above the position of the politician and the statesman, and to assume the vision of the seer and mantle of the prophet. How marvelously history has vindicated his crushing utterances against the truckling politicians who bent the supple knee, and kissed the feet of this Moloch of oppression! Speaking against Daniel Webster's course in his 7th of March speech, he affirms: "Whatever may be the issue of the present contest, slavery must die sooner or later. In that purer and better age, the memory of the men, however honored now, who have labored to perpetuate a system loathed of men and abhorred of God, will be odious to the people." "Daniel Webster will be a fortunate man if God, in his sparing mercy, shall preserve his life long enough for him to repent of this act, and efface this stain on his name."

Wilson lived long enough to see the name of the Natick cobbler a joy in the whole earth; and to see the very seats in the nation's Senate, occupied by the haughty champions of slavery, filled by the very bondsmen whom they once scorned and scourged.

When Henry Wilson entered the anti-slavery arena, some of the wise ones shook their heads, and declared that it were far better for him to have stuck to his last, rather than to go forth fighting political windmills. But no work ever brought more gain or glory to those who entered upon its performance. We speak often of the great things achieved for the negro by Mr. Wilson and his noble associates. But has not the negro paid them back again in the most munificent manner? It was the negro who carried Henry Wilson from his seat on the shoe-bench to the chair of the Vice-President; from guiding the plow to directing the councils of the nation.

But Mr. Wilson's philanthropy was not all lavished upon the slave; his sympathies were wide as humanity, and his heart and hand and purse ever open to every case of sorrow or oppression. While Senator a change was made, through his influence, in the post-office officials of the town where he resided. The postmaster, quite an important personage in the community, was highly indignant because of his removal, and that a woman should be chosen to fill his place. A meeting was called to express their displeasure with the authorities, and especially with Senator Wilson, for this uncalled for interference with their local arrangements. Great excitement prevailed, and strong resolutions of censure were on the point of prevailing, when Mr. Wilson stepped quietly on the platform, told the meeting that their proceedings were altogether out of order and unavailing, that it was part of his duty to direct this appointment, that he favored the change because the present incumbent was a widow; that her husband, a captain in the army, had given his life for his country, and left his wife and children without an earthly protector; that he knew no way to keep them from utter destitution but by securing for this widow the position which she now fills. Had he means of his own, he might have aided the family from his own purse. "But, fellow-citizens," he continued, "there is little more in that purse now than when I first came to Natick, a poor boy, with not quite one dollar in my possession; and should I die to-night, and my estate be settled, there would not be enough left to buy me a deal coffin." Under these honest appeals, the indignation of the meeting melted into sympathy, and but few of those who came there so full of ire and self-importance but quietly went their ways, with moistened eyes, and only a few subdued and choking utterances were heard from the retiring crowd.

When Mr. Wilson died, his property was valued at ten thousand dollars, but the greater part of this was left to him by

his wife, whose death took place five years before his own; and this property consisted mainly of their homestead, and was originally the gift of mutual friends, upon the occasion of their silver wedding.

When nominated for the Vice-Presidency by the Republican Convention of 1872, it seemed as though he felt that such an event might interest the dear departed one who in other days had shared his deepest sorrows and joys; and, as though he wanted her to know and be glad for the great honor that had fallen upon him, he hastened to telegraph to one of the family, "Put a bouquet of flowers upon my wife's grave." He always planned to spend the anniversary of Mrs. Wilson's death at home, and a visit to the cemetery was always the chief duty of the day. In that lovely spot, overlooking the blue waters of Cochituate Lake, beside the dust of their only son, Hamilton, slumbers all that is mortal of Harriet Wilson, her grave marked by a modest stone; and on the stainless marble are inscribed those exquisite lines of Tennyson:

"But O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

Here in silent sorrow might be seen the man honored, trusted, and beloved by millions, his great heart yearning for some fond assurance that her love was as changeless and enduring as her spirit was radiant and pure.

The virtues of Mr. Wilson were not, like some renowned works of art, only to be seen and admired when surmounting the spire or adorning the dome of some grand edifice; his character could bear the closest scrutiny, and those who were the nearest to him were the most ardent admirers of his innate integrity. His reverence for humanity, his profound republican ideas, were not to him glittering generalities, to be flaunted on the stump or paraded on the platform; he was always and every-where true to his principles. The domestic sat at the table with the family, on a par with the most honored guest. When he returned

to his home, after fulfilling his duties at the capital, or after any other considerable term of absence, all Natick rejoiced, and every body seemed to be richer and happier because of his presence. How often his fellow-townsmen will remember him, as he walked along their streets, his outer garments flowing loosely around his manly form, a cane in one hand and a sheaf of newspapers grasped in the other; his rapid steps, his quick but kindly greeting, seemed to bring sunshine and strength into every one whom he accosted. As the soldiers of the French army thought more of the "Little Corporal" than they did of their great emperor; and as the people of this nation have a stronger regard for "Honest Abe" than for Chief Magistrate Lincoln; and as the title "Stonewall Jackson" covers up the treason of the rebel general, so the citizens of Natick were wont to talk of the subject of this article, not as the popular statesman or the Vice-President of the United States, but as "Our Henry," showing, by this familiar expression, how warmly he was cherished in their hearts.

Our late Vice-President was a Christian. From early life he had ever been conscientious and devout; but not until after the death of his only son, Hamilton, who died in Texas, while discharging his duties as colonel in the army, was he brought to realize God's fatherly tenderness, or receive the direct consciousness of his favor. It was a time of religious awakening in the community, and a time, too, when Mr. Wilson needed Divine help and consolation. He sought and found peace in believing, joined the Congregational Church, and continued a faithful member until his death. Without any thing demonstrative in his religious life, he was a loyal, consistent follower of the Savior. We can bear testimony to his meek, devout spirit, as we have worshiped with him in the sanctuary, and bowed with him at his own family altar. Not many months ago, just as he was about leaving for Washington, to enter upon his official duties, he called upon a sick friend, and, kneeling by his bed in

earnest prayer commended him to God. The dust of these Christian friends slumber now, not far apart, in the same cemetery.

Mr. Wilson's Christian activities are the best standard for the measurement of his piety; few have ever come nearer than he to a complete fulfilling of the great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He was not content to do good by proxy, but literally "visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction." With all his official cares and his intense eagerness to complete his literary work, we have often seen him taking his morning walk to the home of the bereaved and destitute, to see, personally, that every requisite for their comfort was supplied.

He was a staunch advocate of temperance, and by word and act unswervingly stood by its principles. When comparatively a young man in public life, and John Adams offered him a glass of wine, he courteously but firmly refused, though he declared that to do so cost him one of the greatest struggles of his life. He believed in the suppression of the rum traffic by prohibitory legislation, but counseled the expediency of a stern application of legal penalties, while public sentiment was strongly against such methods. Some have thought that he was not altogether consistent; that he was more anxious for the success of his political plans and party interests, than the advancement of the temperance reform; but he knew the strength of the temperance sentiment in the country, and thought it wisest not to press its claims when, by doing so, other important measures were endangered. He foresaw the defeat of Mr. Talbot, when nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, and predicted to the writer, a few weeks before the election, with marvelous accuracy, the majority against him. But his favorite field of labor in the temperance work was the Reform Club. Here, surrounded by one or two hundred men who had given up their cups, and were fighting a desperate battle to conquer their depraved appetites, the Vice-President of the nation was fre-

quently present, with a kind word, and friendly hand stretched out to cheer and strengthen these struggling sufferers; and not a few of them were glad to declare that they owe their rescue, in a good degree, to his efforts on their behalf. He was for a while a teacher in the Sabbath-school; and continued a devoted patron of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a co-worker with them in their labor of love. He buried no talent; he entered every door of usefulness; he was ready for every good word and work.

Mr. Wilson's tastes were remarkable for their simplicity; but he could always afford to keep a good conscience. While conversing one Sabbath afternoon with a Christian lady, he told her that he must go home and write a letter; that some political friends were anxious to use his name as candidate for a seat in Congress; that it would be necessary for him to reply to their communication immediately. The good lady suggested that such employment was hardly appropriate for the Sabbath; he left it unanswered, and, as a result, lost the nomination. Not long after, he met this lady, and said to her, in pleasantry, "See what I have gained by keeping the Sabbath." In a little while Mr. Everett's place in the Senate was vacant; Mr. Wilson received the nomination as his successor. Again meeting this Christian lady, she, in turn, with pleasantry, remarked, "See now what you have gained by keeping the Sabbath."

There is nothing, we think, in the whole career of this remarkable man, which more vividly illustrates the nobleness of his character than his terrible denunciation of Preston Brooks, for his dastardly assault upon Charles Sumner in the United States Senate chamber, and the magnificent contempt with which he hurled back the assassin's challenge, because, as he says, "I have always regarded duelling as the relic of a barbarous civilization, which the laws of the country have branded as a crime." He then very coolly informed the ruffianly challenger that he believed in the law of self-defense. Brooks well knew what this meant, and

sagely concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. By this judicious course, Mr. Wilson has won the admiration of every brave and conscientious man. Nothing has ever taken place which has done more to reveal the sham justice of the so-called code of honor, or the brutal character of the course of action it was framed to vindicate. By repudiating the law of honor and asserting the law of self-defense, Mr. Wilson has shown how every true man can maintain both his conscience and his courage, and has thus driven this detestable practice beyond the pale of civilization. Had he achieved nothing more than this, it were enough to command the admiration and gratitude of posterity.

Mr. Ruskin, in his work, the "Stones of Venice," says: "I date the decline of Venice from the death of Carlo Zeno, as no states decline that number such men among their citizens." Reasoning thus, we can see nothing like deterioration or decay in American institutions when, in the first century of their existence, they produced two such men as Abraham Lincoln and Henry Wilson. Washington was the English gentleman in his tastes and sentiments; but Lincoln and Wilson are pre-eminently American in every characteristic, the outgrowth of, and formation of, the circumstances under which they originate. Charles Sumner was an aristocrat by birth, taste, and training; he stooped, and was ever conscious that he was stooping, from a high position, when he bent over with outstretched arm to raise up the down-trodden and oppressed. But Lincoln and Wilson found themselves, at the onset, low as the humblest, and ignorant as the most unlearned; and, as they rose, they bore up with them the masses, as lowly in origin as themselves. When Henry Wilson was elected to take the place of Edward Everett in the United States Senate, Theodore Parker addressed him a congratulatory letter quite characteristic of the man. Said he: "If I had the power to put whom I could in the Senate, my first choice would have been Charles

Francis Adams, or Stephen C. Phillips; though for either of them I have not half the personal friendship I feel for you. Besides, there is one reason why I wanted to see a shoemaker get *right* up off his bench and go to the Senate, and that from Massachusetts. I wish you had never been to any but a common-school, for I want the nation to see what men we train up in our public institutions, which stand open to all."

Says Sir William Hamilton: "It is not only a logical axiom, but a self-evident fact, that the knowledge of opposites is one. We know the tall by the short; the sweet, by the bitter; the light, by the darkness." And so we may see the character of the last Vice-President of the United States in a stronger light, by taking for the background of the picture the character of the third Vice-President of the nation. No two men could be possibly more unlike, except in the matter of position, than Aaron Burr and Henry Wilson. The one, of distinguished family, favored with the culture of the schools and graces of polished society; the other, of the most lowly origin, cradled in poverty, his only outlook a life of penury and toil. The one, gifted with the most showy talents and fascinating address; the other, seemingly destitute of genius, his only endowment an immense capacity for hard work. The one devotes all his brilliant powers to his own aggrandizement and indulgence, seeks to embroil his country in insurrection and bloodshed for his own ambitious ends. The other seemed to live above all sordid aims; he knew not how to use his position and his power but for the good of his country and his friends. The one was a dark conspirator, a blood-stained duelist, a slimy libertine;

"A man of giant mind, but with a heart so cold
That virtue in its dark recesses died."

The other had a great warm heart, a knightly soul, without reproach or fear. The one was a scoffer and an infidel; the other was a Christian, and walked humbly with his God. The one lived to become an old forlorn man, shunned and

shuddered at for his vices and crimes, dying in a lowly lodging-house, in filth and squalor, and with hardly an attendant, laid away in an obscure and dishonored grave. The other dies with saintly serenity at the National Capital, a funeral train almost six hundred miles long bears him to his tomb, and countless thousands mourn their own and their nation's loss. No living soul records the last utterances of Burr; but delighted attendants tell how Wilson cheered his

dying chamber by reading to them the sweet words of Christian faith and love:

"But after all these duties I have done,
Must I in point of merit them disown,
And trust in Him, through Jesus' blood alone."

The book from which those lines were read, was the cherished gift of his sainted wife,—*"The Changed Cross."* He laid it down; the cross was exchanged for the crown. "He was not, for God took him."

E. STUART BEST.

THE FREEDMEN OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

IT will doubtless surprise some of our readers to learn that their editor, Yankee of Yankees, was, nevertheless, born in a Slave State. Slavery found an early home in New England, and so much of the wealth of its capital city had its basis in "rum and negroes," that it is still an open question, whether conscience or the felt unprofitableness of slave labor had most to do with the emancipation of the servile class. Emancipation was gradual in the end, as it ought to have been in the South, and so saved the nation the horrors and expense, the burdens and the memories, of a civil war, four years of blood and butchery. Society, like nature, should have no violent alternations. Nature always interposes twilight between darkness and day. A period of education is needful to make intelligent American citizens out of raw immigrants or freed blacks. Both need probation and education. The country is suffering, and will continue to suffer, perhaps for generations, for these violations of natural law. A youth born on the soil has to stand a probation of twenty-one years before he is allowed to vote. An Irish Papist, on whose benighted mind and besotted, priest-bound soul not the first ray of freedom has ever dawned, is hurried to the polls from the ship the hour in which he lands, and all our cities are

in the hands of this style of freedmen and governors to-day. The results are visible.

The gradual emancipation of Africans in Connecticut (our native State), was commenced in 1809, but was not completed until 1848. At the time of our advent on the stage, the freedmen of the first emancipation act were living all about us, independent of their former masters, exhibiting all the peculiar characteristics of their African natures,—their education (or rather, want of it); the vices incident to their former condition, poverty, thriftlessness, and incapacity for self-care. To the best of our recollection, they were not more drunken, or thieving, or lying, or idle, or thriftless than whites in the same grade of ignorance and viciousness. There were instances of industry, economy, and tolerable thrift, but none, that we remember, of accumulation of property, particularly among the first generation of the freedmen. For surnames, they usually bore the names of the families to whom they had formerly belonged. Most of them were venerable in years, the younger having undoubtedly been sold off South, in anticipation of the coming act of freedom. The Christian names, by which they were known in the town and neighborhood—how familiar they seem after

the lapse of half a century! Let us look at the photographs of a few of this despised and almost forgotten race.

A little brown one-storied hut, with two rooms, stood in a small vegetable-garden on the banks of a small New England stream, meandering along the hill-bases and through the green meadows, with cool depths for swimming, and rippling shallows for wading and splashing, overhung with sycamores, alders, and willows, with here and there patches of mud and water-lilies, and every-where well-stocked with suckers, roach, pickerel, eels, shiners, bull-heads, and speckled mud-turtles. In this little hut, and in this romantic nook of shade and sunshine, lived "Governor Sutton," a venerable negro, palsy-shaken and white-headed, as long ago as we can remember. How came he by the appellation "Governor?" From immemorial time the blacks of Eastern Connecticut had had an annual gathering, from far and near, at some rural tavern, where they went through with the form, in imitation of their masters, of electing a "Governor;" and Sutton was, for many years, annually chosen. We never heard of any other "Governor" but Sutton. On election-days, arrayed in borrowed regimentals, mounted on a richly caparisoned white horse, "Governor Sutton," in his prime, used to ride to the parade like a field-marshal or general, the admiration of all the young Ethiops in that portion of the State, and their ideal, no doubt, of Washington or a magnificent Revolutionary hero. Martial exercises, with drumming and fifeing and parading during the day, were succeeded by feasting and fiddling, and dancing and drunkenness, by night. As they passed to and from the place of meeting, in noisy crowds, jubilant with excitement, and full of the sense of freedom and independence, they were often insulted by blackguard men and thoughtless boys, with the derisive shout, which is one of the earliest slang phrases that lodged in our child-memory, "A-po-gee nigger election."

Sutton's wife, "Nance Brown," or old "Aunt Nancy," used to make the coolest and most refreshing root-beer, at two cents a glass, or six cents a bottle, and the nicest of cookies and cakes, and sheets and cards of puffy or pasty ginger-bread, to be sold to boys at a booth or stand on field-days, or regimental training-days, when a company or two, in uniform, with a snare-drum, a bass-drum, and a shrieking fife were indescribably thrilling music to boy-ears, delighted beyond measure, when, at the close of the day and drill, the tired militia wound up the exciting programme of wonders by discharging their muskets in one grand fusillade at the awful word of command, "Fire!"

Near Sutton Brown and his wife lived "Jason" Williams and his wife "Dimmis." Jason was a little negro, old, and an original African, brought to Yankee-land when a boy, by the way of the West Indies. One of the first things we can remember, when we were in petticoats and pinafores, was good-natured old Jason's imitation of the parrot, a bird of his own native forests in Africa. It was a wonderful piece of ventriloquism, which might not seem so wonderful now.

Jason was quite a sprig of a boy when he left the tropics for the North. Of course, he had never seen ice or snow. The first snow-storm the ship encountered, as she neared Boston, came in the night. In the morning, when the wandering son of the sun-land came on deck, it was covered with a carpet of white; soft, yielding, and agreeable, at first, to his bare soles; but it soon became uncomfortably cold and chilly. Lifting up a foot and picking off the snow, he held it up to the mate, grinning, and said, in ignorant simplicity, "This mis'able white stuff burns my foot."

"Dimmis" was a perfect lump of fat, oily, shiny, with an astonishing breadth of roll to the whites of the eyes whenever she wished to express admiration or wonder. She continued the spruce-beer and cake business some years after the

Browns superannuated. Her oily laugh was contagious and her cheerfulness as boundless as her corporosity.

Will Tracy, or "Old Will," was something of a character in the neighborhood. He also was superannuated, but married in old age to a mulatto wife, given to drink, superstitious, gossipy, and capable of freaks of violence. We once saw her break a bottle half full of New England rum, a fiery liquid, over the shining bare skull of her venerable spouse, in a family quarrel; and remember, as if yesterday, how the burning liquor, and blood, and broken fragments of glass, streamed down the face and blinded the eyes of poor old "Will." He was a fiddler, and used to saw "Behind the bush in the garden," and other simple melodies, by the day. Ole Bull's divinest strains never seemed diviner than old Will's wretched fiddle and worse fiddling did to our ears, about the time that the country entered the twenties. Will was a drummer in the Revolutionary War, and drew a pension of eight dollars a month as long as he lived; or, rather, his former master, in whose place he went as a substitute when the master was drafted, drew it for him, and, as Will used to complain, paid him in farm products, while he kept the cash himself. Probably it was much better administered than if the money had been paid to the negroes direct, to be squandered in rum and indulgences, rather than usefully expended in procuring the necessities of life.

Occasionally the blacks assembled in some house of an evening, and, with old Will for fiddler, had a "ball," which was sometimes orderly, but more frequently a riotous "breakdown." Will's yellow wife's father, a portly mulatto, named Sampson, was a Methodist, and one of the first we ever saw baptized by immersion. But his life was not remarkably exemplary, if we remember rightly. Mrs. "Will," or "Phila," used to excite our youthful imagination with the most marvelous tales of sorcery, magic, witchcraft, and fortune-telling, in which she had

as firm faith as any modern Spiritualist. One of her stories was about a fortune-teller in Providence, Rhode Island, who used to consult the skin of a dried frog, that hung in his garret, against the chimney; and who had, by means of a league with the devil, power to send maggots into the arms and legs of persons whom he disliked, and also to infect cattle and horses by means of his witchcraft. At the moment of his death, his violin, shut up in a chest in his sick-room, commenced playing the most lively tunes, and continued playing, by infernal agencies, till the imps of darkness got tired of their own din.

But the most remarkable African in the neighborhood was "Nance Ruggles," daughter of old "Sylvia," a blind and withered slave nearly ninety years old when we first knew her, living in a little hut, on the verge of the village, up a rocky pathway, called, to this day, "Sylvia's Lane." Old Sylvia was a Methodist, and used to lay her withered hands, shaking with age and palsy, on the heads of the children who visited her, and bless them with wonderful earnestness, pathos, and solemnity, while they listened with reverence and awe, as if she were a veritable Sibyl.

When she died, we noticed that the coffin was strewn with humble sprigs of tansy, in anticipation of the floral decorations of to-day, and the funeral, attended from the Methodist Church, as the hall in the old academy, where the few Methodists worshiped, was called. In that day, funereal sermons were not common in that region, and only vouchsafed to persons of rare distinction. Old Sylvia was honored with a funeral sermon, the first we ever listened to.

"Dave," Nance's husband, was a very black, strongly built negro, idle, sensible, and shrewd. He used to chop wood at twenty-five cents a cord, build walls, or work for the farmers at seventy-five cents a day, and keep himself in liquor, if he failed to keep his numerous family in clothes and bread. Chopping one day at the door of two old Methodist sisters,

the preacher just sent to the circuit, a young and single man, a boarder with these good old ladies, accosted the sable wood-chopper, and asked him if he attended Church?

Ruggles replied that he had no coat suitable to wear. To the astonishment of the good old ladies, who loudly exclaimed against such supererogatory generosity, the preacher went up-stairs, and brought down from his room his own Sunday coat, the best of the only two he possessed in the world, and presented it to the thriftless negro, who appeared in church the next Sunday nicely habited, according to contract, and always thereafter went when this romantic benefactor filled the pulpit, but was never known to darken the doors of the sanctuary on any other occasion.

"Nance" was the life and support of her numerous progeny, brought up in a little hut, with two small rooms and a garret, which they filled full to overflowing, with that cunningest of all collections of natural curiosities,—a lot of rollicking little "darkies." They grew up with various dispositions, some industrious, and ambitious to better themselves, like the mother; and some of them, especially the males, with a disposition to hold up lamp-posts, haunt grogeries, and sit on counters and barrel-heads in rags, like their father.

"Nance" was the factotum of the neighborhood, in as great requisition as Figaro in Rossini's "Barber of Seville." She officiated at births, parties, marriages, and deaths; made cakes, waited on tables; washed and ironed almost every day in the week; and, in the absence of daily papers, interviewers, and reporters, gathered news from all quarters, and peddled it from door to door, usually affecting great mystery, and enjoining on listeners to keep what she had told a profound secret, yet carrying the same story to every house in the neighborhood. The saying was true in her case, what Black "Nance" did n't know was n't worth knowing. When we first knew her, "Nance" was industrious, honest, cheer-

ful, doing the best for her household; and, if her husband had seconded her efforts, the family might have been well-clothed, well-fed, and well-housed, instead of wallowing in filth and rags.

In later life she followed the example of her old mother, and became a good Christian, and lived and died an exemplary member of the Methodist Church. Like many others better informed, "Nance" did not know the meaning of the word "amen," and once gave ludicrous expression to this response, so much used in early days in Methodist assemblies, sometimes hap-hazard "hit or miss." It happened once on a time, in the "old school-house" upper room, built by the "Separatists" for a church, and used for many years by the Methodists for a meeting-house, that two local preachers, who alternated with the circuit riders, had, by accident, each an appointment in the pulpit at the same hour. One, of course, had to give way to the other. The one who yielded was a good-looking young man with long curly locks, raven-black, glossy, and nicely combed. He was well-dressed in black broadcloth, and, what was remarkable in those days, his hands were encased in handsome black kids,—an unpardonable extravagance in the days of stiff-collars, Quaker-bonnets, and shad-bellied coats. He might as well have worn gold finger-rings into the pulpit.

The fashionableness of the young exhorter scandalized the other brother, rough, and farmer-like, with brawny fists, a ready utterance, and a good deal of plain, homely, sound common sense and orderly arrangement in his pulpit harangues. He was, of course, quite welcome and popular, while his more elegantly dressed and less brainy co-laborer was simply endured by the congregation in the absence of a better supply.

In his opening prayer the rustic brother aimed a shot at the sprig of vanity and fashion, who was kneeling in the same pulpit, by shouting a new paragraph into the litany, at the top of his voice,—*"The Lord save us from pride and vanity and*

show, and especially from the fashionable devil with his black kid gloves on."

The congregation generally did not say "good Lord deliver us," in response to this direct personal attack, but, from the back seat, occupied by black "Nance," there rolled over the house a solitary sonorous "A—a—men!"

Next day, "Nance" washed at our house, and, boy-like, we said, "Nance, what made you say 'amen' yesterday to that insulting prayer; did you mean to indorse it?"

"Indorse it, no!" said Nance; "I said amen because I thought he had said enough; I wanted him to understand that he had better stop that sort of thing."

The new Methodist church made provision for the blacks, according to the custom of the times, back of the singing gallery, and back of the pulpit; but "Nance" would not occupy a seat where she could only see the back of the minister. On the day of the dedication she marched to the further extremity of the gallery, chose her location, and was ever after left in undisturbed possession of it. In the lecture-room she was a punctual attendant, and always sat, with her face enveloped in a deep hood, at the left of the speaker's desk, and often electrified the audience by her quaint sayings, and rich relations of religious experience, flavored with an occasional song. Her favorite ditty was,

"Sweet Lord give me the wings,
And I'll fly away to glory;
I'll fly away to my heavenly home,
And I'll shout glory."

"Nance's" oldest son, "Dave," was the "smartest" black we were ever acquainted with. In boyhood he was taken by a wealthy gentleman as a house-boy, waiter, coachman, and errand-boy, successor to a large, vicious-looking bully of a black, who afterward got into Connecticut State-prison, and was hanged for a murderous assault on a keeper. Dave used to attend the district school, read in the highest classes, pursued the highest branches of study, was proficient in

arithmetic, geography, grammar, and even commenced the study of Latin, under the tutorship of a little preacher who had been to Yale College, and knew a little of that language.

Dave was the acknowledged leader of the boys in all sports and mischiefs and "scrapes." His wit, shrewdness, and resources were endless. A self-constituted "tithing-man," or New England village constable, made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the boys by meddling with their sports on the village green, when they played, with some noise and vociferation, "I spy," "goal," and the like, on moonlight nights.

It was the custom in those days to fire a gun or two near a house when a wedding was being celebrated,—a sort of primitive *charivari*, a harmless substitute for the conch-shells and horns and horse-fiddles of ruder communities. The testy, pugnacious enemy of the boys gave out that he would prosecute, to the full extent of the law, any one who should presume to fire a gun on his premises, on the occasion of the marriage of his daughter, then about to take place. The challenge was promptly accepted by all the urchins in the village, and aided by darkness, and headed by "Dave," they saluted the bride with twenty-two guns in as many minutes, and kept up a random firing for the rest of the evening, to the infinite mirth of outsiders, and the infinite vexation of old meddle-pate, who prosecuted, according to promise, every suspected party; but the wit and shrewdness of the negro only convulsed the justices with laughter, and no convictions followed; the prosecutions were abortive.

Schoolmasters in those days were tyrannical and cruel, and resorted to the most barbarous devices to punish derelict scholars. When a little boy, we sat on a low backless seat next the floor, with a row of other restless little boys. One day, for some trifling misdemeanor, Dave was seized by the savage teacher, and his foot tied up high on a post in the middle of the room, in which torturing posture he was compelled to stand for a

long time poised on one leg. Telegraphic signals flew across the house. A little New Yorker, a visitor for the nonce, possessed, what it was a rare happiness for a boy in those days to possess, a beautiful little tortoise-shell-handled pocket-knife. This was quietly slipped from hand to hand, the whole length of the school-house, making the tour of our bench in its passage, till it reached the tortured culprit, who, when the master's back was turned, dextrously severed the rope by which he was suspended, and marched out of the school-house with a staggering gait, imitating the motions of a drunken man so cleverly and ludicrously as to set the whole school in a roar of laughter, despite the rage and frowns, and authoritative commands, of the baffled and indignant school-master, who pursued the fugitive runagate in vain.

When he reached maturity, Dave went to New York City and opened a butter-store, in a basement in Courtlandt Street, and pursued a prosperous business for a number of years. He was a member of a colored Church, and was superintendent of a large and flourishing Sunday-school. Once, when he returned to his native town for a visit, he went into the Sunday-school of one of the larger churches. A teacher, seeing a negro on the back seat, handed him a Testament, and offered to hear him read. Surprised at the fluency and eloquence with which he read (he was a natural orator, like his mother), the teacher said:

"Who are you?"

"I am a native of this town, but reside in New York now. You have a nice Sunday-school here, but it is not quite one-third as large as one I have charge of in New York City."

The teacher "vamosed."

After the antislavery warfare began, Dave, of course, entered into it, in behalf of his race, with all the ardor of his nature. The once distinguished David M. Reese, M. D., of New York, wrote, in 1834, a review of the first annual report of the American Antislavery Society, which he called an "Extinguisher," and

which sold twenty-five thousand copies. Ruggles answered it with the title "The Extinguisher Extinguished; or, David M. Reese used up by David Ruggles;" and the answer gave the author deserved mention in Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors."

In this pamphlet, if memory serves, he gives an anecdote that we heard him relate with his own lips, something like the following:

He was on a Western lecturing tour, and, at midnight, so far violated the usages of the times, as to place himself inside of a stage-coach filled with passengers. Something, perhaps the notoriety of his own lecture the evening before, started a debate among the passengers on the exciting subject of the day, then new to the country, abolitionism. In such a crowd there is never wanting a loud-mouthed leader, and one of this sort insisted that "abolition" meant "amalgamation," and Ruggles modestly but firmly took up the cudgels on the opposite side; one by one, others dropped out of the debate, till at last the whole dispute was left to him and this one opponent. Ruggles insisted that the object was merely the emancipation of the colored race in America, and had not the most distant reference to an amalgamation with the whites. His opponent, hard pushed by his arguments, took refuge in an *argumentum ad hominem*, and put the question direct to Dave.

"Would you, sir, marry a wench?"

"It is nothing to the question," said Dave; "but if I could come across a colored lady that filled up my ideal of what a wife ought to be, I should not only be willing to marry her, but I should infinitely prefer her to a white woman."

The astonishment of the company was unbounded, and the white disputant claimed his point, exultingly, as gained; for here was a — abolitionist, who was not only willing, but actually preferred, to "marry a nigger!"

Thus ended the debate. Ruggles was always dressed like a first-class gentleman,

and, as the passengers, one after another, went to sleep, to while away the weary hours, he drew from his pocket a silk handkerchief and carefully concealed his features, dozing till daylight and sunrise, until the coach was approaching the tavern where they were to breakfast, when he suddenly withdrew the handkerchief from his face, and gave the crowd a second shock.

"Good heavens!" cried his antagonist, "who would have supposed that that fellow was a nigger?"

The rest of the passengers shouted with laughter and applause at his discomfiture and their own mistake, and were so well pleased with the manners and conversation of Ruggles that, contrary to all precedent, even in the North, forty years ago,

they made him breakfast at the same table with themselves at the inn.

Ruggles never married. He became very unhappy, sick, and finally blind, or nearly so, and died in charge of a water-cure establishment, somewhere in the State of New York.

These reminiscences of by-gone days may have little interest to others, but from our native suburb no boy ever went to any station in future life, be he merchant, divine, legislator, or judge, who does not recall, with his boy memories, lazy Dave, comic Jason, rollicking Dimmis, and, above all others, good old religious Methodist Nance, who has long since found the wings she used to long for, and fled away to glory.

EDITOR.

THE CROSS AND THE FLAG.

WRITING amid the din of a man-of-war is a difficult though pleasant occupation. The ceaseless murmur of multitudinous voices, the thunder of command, the snapping of sails, and creaking of cordage, the rolling and pitching of the ship, constitute a medley of diverting sounds. Yet one can write from no place of greater interest. Neither the sea, upon whose impatient bosom we are tossed, nor the stately craft, that heeds no turbulence of wind or wave, can be surpassed as subjects for engrossing, entertaining thought. Each is a charmer of more than a magician's power. The ten thousand moods of the ocean, its abounding life, the colossal, beauteous forms filling its depths with mystery and grandeur, excite the sublimest admiration of the soul. But we do not wish to moralize concerning the sea, nor yet to discourse of its profundities; simply do we desire to portray a phase of life upon its waters seldom depicted by tongue or pen.

It has been the misfortune of naval chaplains to remain too long reticent touching their office, its sphere of duty, and the successes attendant on its administration. It is an office involving great responsibilities, and far-reaching in its influence. A naval chaplain is a missionary of the sea. Thousands of seamen look to him for the bread of life. He casts his seed upon every diversity of spiritual soil. His influence, like the waters of the vast kingdom in which he labors, may roll out till it touches every shore. The ship in which he sails does not circumscribe his labor; it extends to the whole fleet, and in its results girdles the globe. The crew of a man-of-war often represents many nations. It is composed of men, many of whom never heard the Gospel till they listened to it, it may be, swinging in their hammocks at night. Even in this way, they often receive impressions that grow into the sweetest flowers of Christian purity. None can define the results of a chaplain's

labor, for they are scattered over the world, like grains of gold in a river's bed. The life of a faithful naval chaplain, though crowned with honor, is full of deprivation and sacrifice. He is not a parasite, absorbing a tranquil existence from the government revenues, but one of the most important attachés to the navy. He carries into it the potencies of Christian truth, and surcharges it with forces grander than its own military power. By his influence, the Cross unfurls an azure banner above the stars and stripes, in the most imperial and autocratic institution of the Government. The navy is more than a military organization; it possesses something grander than ships and batteries, and men disciplined for strife. Inside its oaken and iron walls are humane principles and civilizing agencies. Back of its armament are moral forces, the true element of its greatness. As queen of our commerce, and our proudest ambassador to the capitals of the world, it carries our civilization to every clime, as winds waft seeds from shore to shore. A chaplain discovers the very genius of this institution to be his strongest support, and, under cover of its moral principles, he may use his batteries of truth with thrilling effect.

The ship to which a chaplain is attached is the flag-ship of a squadron. Ordinarily, it is one of the finest in the naval marine, as it carries officers of the highest rank, and is the representative ship of the fleet. It is fitted out in as attractive and comfortable a manner as practicable. Its cabins, especially, are quite elegant, as they are occupied by the captain of the ship and commander of the fleet. These apartments are chambers of state to sailors, and they would enter Windsor Castle sooner than pass the precincts of these cabins. The ward-room, with adjoining state-rooms on either side, is the home of all commissioned officers under the grade of captain. It is neatly furnished, and affords an agreeable abode. All parts of the ship have been arranged with an eye to the comfort of all on board, and sailors

are happier here than they could be in a Fifth-avenue hotel. The architecture of the ship inspires admiration and pride. Its handsome form, full of symmetry and grace, rests upon the water with the poise of a planet in the ethereal sea. Every part is of most shapely beauty, and the fair proportions seem a majestic casting, with neither joint nor seam. It is not strange that sailors endow such a creation with attributes of life and intelligence. They worship her as loyal subjects do a queen. Her every imaginary mood they humor, and trust their destiny to her keeping, as soldiers put their lives in the hands of a general whom they honor with their most patriotic love.

Within the ship are many things to captivate the imagination and charm the eye. The over-spreading canvas, braced to catch the zephyr, or reefed to repel the typhoon's fearful shock, massive wings, incapable of weariness, and strong to bear their stately burden to either hemisphere; the flexile rigging, whose sinewy toughness has defied the energies of a hundred storms, whose complex and netted powers seem to hold the great weight beneath in perfect suspension; the mighty forces dwelling in the depths below, like giants in their caverns, propelling the huge mass as easily as children toss their toys, though but the common appliances of navigation, are, nevertheless, among the most admired objects of the ship. The great decks, three hundred feet in length, hemmed in on either side by heavy guns, reposing in the majesty of conscious power, yet pointing deathward in silent admonition; the profuse array of small-arms, the slumbering forces far down in the magazine, ready, at one word, to blacken the sky and shake the sea, excite emotions of wonder even in the stern guardians of all this power. From deck to deck, you descend, as reverent as in some lofty mountain, when the heavens grow dark, and the lightning plays in awful gleams upon the crags above your head.

At times the ship presents a most beau-

tiful picture. With a bright sky above, and a placid sea beneath, day or night, the spectacle is grand. At a certain angle, the solar rays transform her into an image of gold, mingled with colors of precious stones; her yards and spars glisten like crystal shafts, and her sails seem great sheets of silver, embroidered with golden cords; every coil of rope, every piece of rigging, refracts the beautiful light, while the graceful form beneath is richly garnished in the effulgent beams. The scene, at sunset, often reaches the climax of its brilliance, and then the shadows come to drape the picture, till the queen of night reveals it in a milder, but no less beautiful, light.

In such a ship a chaplain finds his home and makes his cruise. Here are his church and parish; and no bishop is prouder of his diocese, or dean of his abbey or cathedral. He is not long in getting accustomed to his new home. It requires some little time, however, to feel resigned to the little room assigned him as a parsonage. This apartment is, no doubt, the smallest on record, save the one occupied by Jonah in his rapid transit through the deep; and it far surpasses that in attractiveness and convenience. It possesses astonishing capacity for storage, having room for every thing but its occupant. The berth is not unfrequently so short as to necessitate several inches of muscular contraction to escape unpleasant friction at the top of the head. During wakeful hours, great care is required to preserve the exactitude of one's phrenological developments. The mutability of the sea enhances the disagreeable qualities of this place; and, in perilous times, the ward-room is preferred, as affording more scope for nautical gymnastics.

The ward-room, by use and association, is the most interesting part of the ship. In its position it seems a little cavernous, it lies so near the nether portions; but its occupants soon get accustomed to this subterranean aspect, and even forget that it lies so low. It serves a great variety of purposes. In its domestic uses

it assumes the character of the principal apartments of an elaborate mansion. Without difficulty it is improvised into a saloon for legitimate amusements (regulation forbids all others). It can be transformed into a club-house, a parlor for private theatricals, a lyceum, and a fine reception-room, in rapid succession. It may be literary, histrionic, polemic, socialistic, convivialistic, or domestic, as the occasion demands.

A chaplain's companionships, in his sea home, are often very entertaining and profitable. His social life is amid a brilliant circle. Most of naval officers are men of culture and refinement. They have been reared in the finest families of the country, and, aside from their technical training, have been educated in the arts and accomplishments of the most polished social life. A gentlemanly, cordial reception, among these men, puts a chaplain at his ease, and soon he is on the most agreeable terms with all his mess. Etiquette to the navy is like the Golden Rule to Christianity, and the habit of being gentlemen becomes ingrained in naval officers. It is not difficult to maintain the most pleasant relations on a man-of-war. There is but little to excite unfriendliness; interests do not clash; rivalries do not exist; each realm of duty is guarded by law, and is a pure autocracy to its incumbent. A ward-room mess usually represents considerable breadth of intellectual culture and scope of information. Many of its members have been world-wide travelers, and are replete with the multifarious observations of travel. Some are familiar with many languages. Some are absorbents of literature, others of science. Naval life furnishes rare opportunities for observation and study, and, were it not for a tendency to stagnate after a few years of service, each officer might be distinguished in some field of literature or science. Naval officers, like all men of stipulated and life-long salaries, grow indifferent to special and protracted study, and they become desultory in their reading, and unstudious in their mental habits. As it

now is in the navy, knowledge is abundant, but lying loose, like gold-dust, and not in aggregated masses, as that metal is sometimes found. The social and intellectual immunities of a chaplain's naval life could not be more agreeable.

But a chaplain is not on a ship to enjoy the amenities of social life, but to impart religious instruction, and to type, in his own character and conduct, the truths he teaches. He is the moral barometer of the ward-room. If his speech be pure, and his bearing the dignity of a Christian gentleman, seldom will his ear be offended by ribald jest or song. The morals of a ship take their coloring from him as clouds receive their tints from the sun. Occasionally a young officer, of feeble wit and execrable manners, attempts to perpetrate some vulgar joke upon the chaplain. Usually, the young gentleman drops his intended victim as the bear did the honey, and ever after sympathizes with that animal in his unpleasantness with the bees. The life of a chaplain may do more toward regulating the morality of a ship than the strictest surveillance, or the most summary penalty.

The chaplain's religious work is under the partial discretion of the captain of the ship. But one religious service is required during the week,—that of Sabbath morning. Meanwhile, as many meetings may be appointed as the regulations of the ship will allow. It is enjoined upon the captain to appoint Sabbath service whenever it does not conflict with the management or safety of the ship, and is not otherwise impracticable. On a flag-ship, usually, there are more than five hundred sailors and marines, and nearly forty commissioned and non-commissioned officers. All these are a chaplain's parishioners. Not one, however, of all this number, is obliged to attend church. The old regulation, of compulsory attendance, is abolished, and justly too; for men should be drawn by the power and beauty of the truth to the worship of God, rather than be driven by an indefensible exaction. Fidelity to Christian

labor will secure attentive listeners, and in numbers that would cheer the heart of many a metropolitan minister. In a chaplain's parish nearly every variety of creed is represented. Most of the older officers, of the higher grades, are Episcopalians. Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Catholics are also quite numerous. Many officers have no determinate belief. The crew is largely composed of Catholics; one-half of our whole naval force of seamen and marines are Catholics. Among this incongruous mass of creeds a chaplain needs great wisdom to lead bewildered, prejudiced, and indifferent souls, to the purest creed of all. Sectarianism will blight his influence like a frost, and perpetual controversy will make a breach so wide between him and his parish that nothing can ever bridge the chasm. Only the clear, pointed enunciation of Scriptural truth, and a pure, unselfish, sacrificing life, can bring success to Christian labor on a man-of-war; and these two forces would prevail in the heart of Africa.

There are many things to aid a chaplain in his mission in the navy. His character as an officer entitles him to respect, and guards him against all ill-usage. Offense, in any manner, against his office, is punishable, as a court-martial may determine. Sailors are always decorous and courteous in his presence, and what is enjoined by regulation becomes a matter of habit and principle with them. This inforced deference is an advantage to a chaplain. Respect for the office becomes regard for the cause which the office honors. A chaplain's commission gives him authority to approach every man on the ship with the Christian religion, and secures him a respectful hearing. He also finds sailors, as a class, men of deep and lively sensibilities. They are always approachable through the feelings. When ignorance and vice have closed every passage to the soul, the magic touch of sympathy can open an avenue whose heavy gates resist all other charms. Once enthroned

in this great metropolis of impulse and passion, the whole realm of manhood is in most grateful allegiance. There is something about the sea that draws out and expands the emotive powers; and, as strange as the anomaly may appear, many of the more delicate and generous qualities of the heart are peculiar to the sailor's life. His manners and speech may be as rough as the heaving waters around his ship, while all the sensitiveness of a woman's nature lies hidden within his soul. At the sickness and death of a shipmate, he sorrows like a mother at the cradle of her dying babe, and he shares the misfortune of a friend with the tenderness and sympathy of a brother. The perils of the ocean, which all share in common; the anticipation of a sepulcher in the caverns of the sea, which haunts the sailor like a specter, unite these rude men as those are joined whose lives are spent in mutual toil and danger, and who are to sleep side by side at last in the repose that knows no waking. With a sailor's heart a chaplain must work more than with his head; for it is the golden gate that opens to richest treasures of the soul. But sailors have intellect, and, what is the finest quality of intellect, common sense. There are ways of putting things, intellectually, which they greatly approve. Metaphysics they eschew as Job did evil; and lusterless, languid sermons they abhor as a child does darkness. They get "must" enough in their hard-tack, and they refuse it in sermons.

The religious susceptibility of sailors renders them easy of approach. Their impressive nature responds to religious influence, as the strings of a harp to the passing breeze. As the sailor is quick to cast off all restraint, so, under some fervid impulse, he will assume the most solemn vows. The germs of a noble Christian character are in his soul; but the most careful, watchful culture is needful to promote their growth. The sea arouses every element of his religious nature; its imposing, terrific scenery is almost supernatural in its influence over

him. Nothing can arouse the moral activities of the soul like the ocean; there is no place so surpassingly beautiful and fearfully sublime; by day, its skies burn with a brilliance unknown to the loveliest climes; not all the fire of forest plumes, and light of shimmering lakes and glowing crags, flash like the dazzling waters of the main; Chaldean shepherds never gazed enraptured on such mighty scenes; nowhere else do the stars shine so bright, and form such mazes of splendor; and never does the moon seem so much a queen as when she comes forth, like a beautiful maiden, to gaze transported upon her own loveliness in the translucent depths beneath. And nothing is so terrible as the same skies when the gathering tempest has filled them with its wild and angry squadrons. Not all the navies of the globe could emit flame and awaken thunders like these aerial fleets; the blazing heavens, resonant with awful concussions; the mighty winds, thrashing the sea with the yielding spars, tossing the ship like a feather on the crest of Himalayan waves, are sights and sounds that make the bravest quake. Amid the varying scenes of ocean, the sailor's religious nature is excited to its profoundest depths, and, if a chaplain be familiar with human nature, as manifest in sailors, he can mold it into any form. His sermons should be as bright with gems as a prima-donna, and as striking in illustration as the great realm in which his life is spent.

What recks it where a chaplain goes or how he dies, so long as he gathers pearls for the cabinets of heaven? What if only a little cross mark his resting-place, in some sunny land? or, if he be laid to rest with the sea-weed for his ceremonies and the coral for his pillow? The sea, indeed, would constitute a regal tomb, for it is the grandest mausoleum of the dead; and it would seem sweet to wait the resurrection from some balmy grove, where the sweetest songs, from brightest birds, are ever heard, and the flowers bloom in perennial richness around the solitary grave.

H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.

THE DEATH OF INFANTS.

HOW peacefully they rest,
 Cross-folded there
 Upon his little breast,
 Those tiny hands, that ne'er were still before,
 But ever sported with his mother's hair,
 Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!
 Her heart no more shall beat,
 To feel the touch of that soft palm,
 That ever seemed a new surprise,
 Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
 To bless him with her holy calm;
 Sweet thoughts that left her eyes as sweet.
 How quiet are the hands
 That wove those pleasant bands!
 But that they do not rise and sink
 With his calm breathing, I should think
 That he were dropped to sleep;
 Alas! too deep, too deep
 Is this his slumber!
 Time scarce can number
 The years ere he will wake again.
 He did but float a little way,
 Adown the stream of time,
 With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,

Listening their fairy chime;
 His slender sail
 Ne'er felt the gale;
 He did but float a little way,
 And putting to the shore,
 While yet 't was early day,
 Went calmly on his way,
 To dwell with us no more.
 No jarring did he feel,
 No grating on his vessel's keel;
 A strip of silver sand
 Mingled the waters with the land
 Where he was seen no more!
 O, stern word, *nevermore!*
 Full short his journey was; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals clave;
 The weary weight that old men must,
 He bore not on the grave.
 He seemed a cherub, who had lost his way,
 And wandered hither; so his stay
 With us was short; and 't was most meet
 That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet,
 To stand before his God.

TWO CHRISTIANS.

TWO Christians traveled down a road,
 Who viewed the world with different
 eyes;
 The one was pleased with earth's abode,
 The other longing for the skies.
 For one, the heavens were so blue,
 They fill'd his mind with fancies fond;
 The other's eyes kept piercing through
 Only for that which lies beyond.
 For one, enchanting were the trees,
 The distance was divinely dim,
 The birds that fluttered on the breeze
 Nodded their pretty heads for him.
 The other scarcely saw the flowers,
 And never knew the trees were grand,
 He did but count the days and hours,
 Till he might reach the promised land.

And one a little kind caress
 Would to a tender rapture move;
 He only oped his lips to bless
 The God who gave him things to love.
 The other journeyed on his way,
 Afraid to handle or to touch;
 He only oped his lips to pray
 He might not love a thing too much.
 Which was the best? Decide who can.
 Yet why should we decide 'twixt them?
 We may approve the mournful man,
 Nor yet the joyful man condemn.
 He is a Christian who has found
 That earth, as well as heaven, is sweet,
 Nor less is he who, heaven-bound,
 Has spurn'd the earth beneath his feet.

—Good Words.

THE FURS OF FASHION.

THE caprices of fashion have, at various periods, called into use every known species of peltry; although of all fur-bearing animals we are most indebted to the weasel family, whose varieties include the ermine, the sable, the mink, the marten, the fisher, the otter, and the badger. Other furs are worn, not only in those countries where they are useful against the severity of the seasons, but as ostentatious luxuries. From under the burning suns of Syria and of Egypt—to ornament the lighter products of the loom—there is a constant demand, where there exists no physical necessity. With us, they have become absolutely indispensable during our rigorous Winters.

It may be well to premise, that the colder the climate, the finer and warmer are the furs of the indigenous animals; it being wisely provided, in the economy of nature, that their clothing should be adapted to the rigors of their situation. The finer furs are, therefore, from the colder regions; and even during Winter, the furs of most animals improve both in quality and color. The principal countries for furs are the solitary wilds of Siberia and the immeasurable forests of North America, where they form the riches of these dreary regions, which produce nothing else fit for human use.

The skins of animals were used for clothing from the very earliest times, "coats of skin" having been given to Adam and Eve, even before their expulsion from Paradise. As the human race multiplied, and when the southern latitudes became inhabited, civilization and necessity developed ingenuity and taste, devising various fabrics of wool, of linen, and of silk. However, the fine and more costly furs were worn in almost every age of the world, as well for ostentatious luxury as for warmth or convenience. The "four noble furs" of the Middle Ages were the ermine, the sable, the vair, and the gris, at which

time the fur trade was at its zenith. They became of the highest fashion in European and Oriental courts, their purchase requiring a regal revenue. The more precious varieties, as the ermine and sable, were reserved for monarchs, and the principal nobility of both sexes; the inferior orders of the nobility wore the vair and the gris. Citizens wore squirrel and lamb skins, whilst the peasantry wore badger, sheep, and cat skins. The state mantle of Queen Victoria, the capes of the peers and judges, and the robes of British municipal officers, are the remains of this once universal custom. Immense quantities of furs were once sent from Siberia to China; but the choicest kinds, the precious ermine of Yakutsk, the brilliant fiery foxes, and the best sables, are taken to London, to Moscow, and Novogorod, for the use of the princes and nobles of England, of Russia, of Turkey, and of Persia.

"The precious ermine," so called by way of pre-eminence, is the whitest, as well as the most valuable, of all furs. Its superior texture, the small size of the animal (twelve inches), and the quantity required for the royal families and the nobility of Europe, render its cost enormous. In Summer, the animal is of reddish-brown, the under parts of a yellowish-white. In Winter, the upper parts change to a perfect white, white as the snowy regions it inhabits; but one-half of the tail is, in all seasons, of a deep, glossy black. When the white fur is made into a robe, a cape, or a cloak, the tail tips are sewn on at regular distances; the pure white of the skin is thus set off by the rich black of the tails. In heraldry, it is known as the minever. The ermine of Queen Victoria and the royal family is distinguished from that of the peers and judges by being thickly spotted with the black paws of the Astrakhan lamb. The mode of ornamenting it, as to the number of tail-tips, indicates

the peculiar rank of the British nobility. The use of ermine is still restricted to the imperial families of Russia and of Austria, as well as to the sovereigns of Germany, Spain, and Portugal. It is said that the ermine takes its name from Armenia, whence it originally came. Louis XI of France had a surcoat, a mantle, and a hat lined with ermines. For the surcoat, three hundred and forty-six skins; for the sleeves and wristbands, sixty; and for the frock, three hundred and thirty-six; in all, seven hundred and forty-two ermines for a single dress!

The fur of the sable can scarcely be considered second to the ermine, either in quality or value. In Summer the color of the animal is brown, but in Winter it becomes darker, although not so dark as to justify the name. The most valuable variety is the Russian or crown sable, the use of which is almost entirely monopolized by the imperial family. It is distinguished by a dense coat of hair overtopped by another still longer; and the latter will lie in any direction, backward or forward. Even in the sixteenth century, sable held the highest rank at the Russian court, as "the Czar's crown was then lined with a fair black sable, worth forty rubles, and his garments were of rich tissue and cloth of gold, furred with very dark sables." The Czar sent presents of sables, and other beautiful furs, both to Queen Mary and to Queen Elizabeth. Since the conquest of Siberia the inhabitants of these interminable wilds pay to the Emperor an annual tribute of one skin of every forty. A cape of full size requires twenty skins, each being eighteen inches in length. The sable lining of a state robe costs about six thousand dollars (in gold). The Hudson Bay sable, being of a lighter color than the Russian, is always dyed, when, in appearance, it rivals its much more valuable European namesake. Ermine and sable were not blazoned in heraldry as mere ornaments, but as discriminating marks of high quality. They were associated with the poetry and chivalry of the age, and, with touraments,

lasted in high glory for three centuries, and then declined together on the introduction of gunpowder.

The snowy whiteness of the ermine and the dark shades of the sable, the great depth and the almost flowing softness of their furs, have combined to give them a preference in all ages of the world. They still retain the same relative estimate, in regard to other furs, as when they denoted the rank of the proud Crusader, and were emblazoned in heraldry. At present, from their enormous cost, they can only be worn by the very opulent, although admirable imitations are daily seen in our streets.

After ermine and sable, the rarest fur in the market is the silver fox. Of all American varieties, it is the most valuable. The animal is a native of the Columbia River, in Oregon. Its fur is long, thick, and black, except a portion of the back, where the hairs are of silvery white. A single skin, when highly dressed, has sold in London as high as forty guineas. Blue fox skins, being very rare, are sought with avidity; and the fur of the black fox is a princely ornament in Northern Europe. The fiery fox is the bright-red of Asia, and is highly prized for the splendor of its color and the fineness of its fur. When ornamented with the black fur of the paws, in spots or waves, it commands a very large price in China. The skin of the cross fox is worth ten dollars. Chinchilla is, perhaps, the softest fur in existence; its extreme delicacy and fineness adapts it exclusively for ladies' use. This animal is a native of South America.

The mink is the most useful fur in the market; and, when dyed, it is frequently sold for sable, although it is much shorter. The color of the animal is dark brown, the tail is nearly black, and the chin white. Fine skins are now worth six dollars, which formerly could be had for fifty cents. The darkness and softness of the single strip along the back, together with the length of the skin, determines its value.

The pine marten, in color, is of a dark

brown olive, of great depth and richness; when dyed, it resembles the best sable. This is a much-prized and excellent fur. The fisher is blackish in color, with a grayish tinge on the head and shoulders. Some are brownish, and a few even lighter. It is used for lining the more costly furs, for trimmings, and for robes. A good skin is worth six dollars.

The sea or velvet otter has a thick, soft, woolly fur, and is much prized by the Russians and Chinese. When old, its color is a jet, silky black. The squirrel is the most plentiful of all fur-producing animals, and its fur is light, warm, and durable. Some of the lighter ones are dyed in imitation of sable; but the most valuable portion is the back of the gray squirrel. The white wool of the beaver is much used in France for the trimmings of ladies' bonnets. The skins of the buffalo, of the Rocky Mountain sheep, and of the antelope, are included in the fur trade with the Indians and trappers of the north-west. The white fur of the polar bear, and that of the Arctic fox, are not particularly valuable. The silver-tipped rabbit is peculiar to England, and exported to Russia and China. The soft curly hair of the seal is rarely used in its natural state. When dyed a deep Vandyke brown, it resembles the richest velvet. The Chinese esteem it

most highly. The fur of the lynx is long, exceedingly soft, and of a grayish color, with dark spots. It is usually dyed a beautiful glossy black. The raccoon is a cheap, durable, and useful fur, and is much in demand in Germany and in Russia for coat linings. The badger, of North America, is a soft, fine, and useful fur; and that of the sloth is very beautiful and glossy. The domestic cat is fed on fish, and bred in Holland for its fur. The gray color of the wild cat, being mottled with black, adapts it for linings, and the wrappers for carriages. Bears also contribute their share, their skins being converted into costly fancy robes for carriages and sleighs, as well as for military equipments.

Sales of raw furs are held in London twice a year, of sufficient importance and magnitude to attract merchants from all parts of the world.

From the eagerness with which the fur trade has been pursued for centuries, from the vast destruction of fur-bearing animals, from the advanced state of geographical knowledge, clearly indicating that no new countries remain to be explored, and from the appropriation to the uses of man of those forests and rivers which afforded them food and protection, this useful material is becoming every year more scarce and valuable.

CONFESSIONS OF A MAID OF HONOR.

THERE has been quite a tendency, of late years, for men and women, of high estate in letters or at royal courts, to favor the world, at the close of their lives, or after death, with their memoirs, and personal confessions of their life experiences. Many of these have been written through vanity and published in weakness; not unfrequently giving rise to heart-burnings and scandals, and doing the world no good.

But there has just appeared, in Prussia,

the life of a lady, written by herself, and long since dead, which has caused a great deal of excitement, because of the many and rare glimpses it gives of life at the court of Prussia in the last half of the last century, and the first decade of the present. Among its good qualities are the facts that it is evidently truthful and sincere, and that it deals of no personages now living, except the present emperor, and of him mainly as a babe in arms and a lad. Its attractions are

the wonderful circumstance that it gives us the manifold experiences of a residence of sixty-nine years at court as court lady, or maid of honor, and thus fairly comprises the most important part of the history of the Prussian royal family. It takes us behind the scenes, and leads us into the intimate family life of several generations of monarchs.

We have a glimpse of Frederick William the First, of Frederick the Great and his brothers, and Frederick William the Second and Third. It unrolls the periods of the great war in Silesia, with Maria Theresa, and that of the French Revolution and domination in Germany, down to the significant events of the Congress of Vienna on the fall of Napoleon. The domestic character of the court is portrayed with marked traits, and yet with great discretion; and the whole career of the wonderful lady is a bright picture of womanly honor and fidelity. Her open and generous nature attracts our sympathies from the beginning, and her marvelous talent of observation and description prove her to be a court lady to the manor born. We therefore regard it a profitable study to follow her through her trials and experiences, that we may learn that palaces are not, by any means, always beds of roses.

Countess Voss, as she became by marriage, was the daughter of an old soldier, who had distinguished himself in several battles, and finally, as general, settled in Berlin, to be near the court. Her mother was a favorite at the court of the mother of Frederick the Great, and thither she occasionally brought the daughter to see the queen. The girl of eleven was already beautiful and of fine physical development, so that she soon attracted the attention, and gained, as a child, the special favor of the king.—Frederick William the First. This old gentleman was the founder of the present Prussian army, besides being a kind and faithful husband, little given to gallantry. But he seems, nevertheless, to have had his weak moments; for a lady of the court relates the following anecdote of him,

which, for a time, was even more than palace gossip:

"The young girl was beautiful as an angel, and quite as determined in character as she was attractive. The king once met her on a narrow staircase leading to the rooms of the queen, and, as she could not escape him, he endeavored to kiss her as she passed; but she gave him such a hearty box on the ear that those who were standing at the foot of the stairs had the strongest proof that she had well effected her purpose. The king, however, took no offense at her resolute self-defense, and always remained kind to her."

At the age of fourteen, as is usual in Germany, she was confirmed, and was then made court and state lady of Queen Sophie Dorothea, with whom she remained seven years, and passed through the most troublous period of her life. In her memoirs, she says: "The events that now crowded upon me brought with them the greatest grief and hardest struggle of my life, and hastened the most eventful period that forced me to resolutions of the greatest import for my after course." In these words she alludes to the not altogether unrequited love of the heir presumptive to the Prussian throne, Prince Augustus William. He was the youngest brother of Frederick the Great, was married, and the father of two children, when this unhappy passion seized him, which was to destroy his own peace, and embitter the life of the court lady to the highest degree. The prince was a man of talent and amiability, which qualities were heightened by a rare modesty. He was also the favorite of his father, who preferred him to all his sons. He was a fine specimen of manly beauty and inborn dignity, which cast an attraction about his person, and caused him to be a favorite in all the court festivals and entertainments, where the subject of this story was quite as acceptable as he; and they were, therefore, frequently brought together, under circumstances calculated to increase their mutual acquaintance.

The prince, who had married against

his will, to please his father, as is so frequently the case in these "marriages of convenience," conceived an affection for the young maid of honor, who was the cynosure of all eyes. And this affection turned out to be no fleeting ebullition of feeling, but the one great love and consuming flame of his life. The countess herself gives so touching an account of this event, that it bears the stamp of the strictest truth, and is, evidently, one of the painful dramas of real life. "The Prince of Prussia had come with his father to visit his mother, at the palace of Monbijou, and, before I was aware that he had noticed me, he had conceived for me a passion that has become the great misfortune of his life and my own. This affection, which began from the first moment that he saw me, did not quickly pass away as it had come; he cherished it truly and steadfastly until the last. For more than five years I thus lived near him at court, and, during this time, I did all that I could to combat his affection, and cure him of it. But my resistance and coolness were all in vain; nothing could shake the fidelity of his feeling; and, whatever I did, he always remained the same. On the contrary, instead of becoming more calm with time, he became only the more excited and unhappy. At first, he sought to conceal his feelings from me; but, after a few months, he gave up this hopeless effort, and made to me a violent declaration of his love, and continued to persecute me with its repetition.

"At last, I became beside myself with grief and anxiety, and made a confidant of another lady of the court, that I might have the benefit of her advice. She counseled me to continue as I had commenced, to meet the advances of the prince with respect, but firmness, and declare to him that he must cease to say such things to me as could be only productive of unhappiness to him and me. While my friend was at court, I followed her advice in every special instance of trial; but, when she left, I was thrown on my own resources to meet the ever-

increasing importunities of the prince. He was very amiable in his manners, and gentle and attentive to me. Was it not natural that, with my inexperience and youth, and novelty in a feeling that I had never experienced, I should feel kindly toward him, even though I withstood him; and, finally, that this feeling should get the better of me? By nature confiding and gentle, given to friendship, and open and frank toward all, I was, by my education, inclined to a dependence on others. Notwithstanding their kindness, my parents were strict with me (and I had been brought up in great subjection and fear). And, in that way, I acquired a hesitancy and dependence of manner which followed me in after life. I can, in truth, say that I never hesitated in my resolves; but I was, at times, weaker toward them than toward myself, which has often been my misfortune.

"Thus, I again and again came to the determination to banish from my heart the growing feeling for the prince. I was determined, at every sacrifice, to repress his growing influence over me. For days and days I remained in my room, in order not to meet him; I avoided him; yes, I fled from his presence; and, if by chance I met him, it was with a studied unfriendliness and coolness that should make him angry with me. And, when all these things did not alienate him, I implored him, with tears, to forget me; but it was all in vain. He never ceased to love me till his death. By nature impulsive and thoughtless, he was not able to conceal his feelings, and it seemed, indeed, a sort of consolation to him not to conceal them. It at last became his pride to confess them to every body; and this procedure was, of course, calculated to cast suspicion on the good name of a young lady at court."

This story is told with such truthfulness and feeling that it is a touching analysis of woman's heart in such strong temptation. She seems simply not to have possessed the determined courage to put an end to persecution, in demanding relief

from it by appeal to a higher power. She had nothing to reproach herself for but a mute requital of his feelings. She never trespassed on the sternest commands of propriety, and her fault lay solely and alone therein, that she had not betimes left the court. At last her mother stepped in and put an end to it, by arranging, against her consent, a marriage with a cousin. The prince, on hearing of this, made superhuman efforts to prevent it, and went so far as to promise, in a moment of madness, a divorce from his wife, if he could thus secure the hand of the object of his wild affection. Of this period the countess thus writes:

"My position at court became more and more difficult. The prince grew more violent in his appeals that I would not leave him, and was willing to sacrifice every thing in the world for me. My own daily repeated sufferings and sorrows, and the wish of the king, whom this passion of the son greatly disturbed, led me to force myself to yield to the only succor; namely, the marriage with my cousin. Shall I conceal it? I had no love for him. My only feeling was that of respect; but he knew all this, and was satisfied with it. A marriage was the only thing that could put an end to my persecutions. This moment was the most terrible of my life. I fought a hard battle with myself. The thought of thus leaving the court and the prince, forever, brought a feeling of death over me; but what could I do? I had no choice; I dared not turn from me this bitter grief; it was to be. The day of my betrothal was my birthday, and the most terrible one that I ever experienced. With sorrow I left the court, where I had been so happy, and with the deepest grief in my heart entered on my new life. My marriage was like all those that are celebrated at court. A great crowd of guests were invited, and every thing went off with such boisterous festivity that I was scarcely myself. The prince was present at the ceremony, and, in the midst of it, fainted and was carried away."

The newly married pair soon left Berlin, and the lady never saw the prince again. But she could not forget him, and named her first-born son after him; and not until she learned the death of the prince, some years afterward, was the last word in the history of this sad and unfortunate youthful love spoken. But she was destined soon again, by a strange turn of events, to become a lady of the court, and resume her rôle of maid of honor to the queen. She had taken up her residence on the estate of her husband, near the old town of Magdeburg, whither the Prussian court had fled during the doubtful period of the Seven Years' War. She was then again immediately invited to attach herself to the court, which she did the more willingly from the fact that her husband was given to wild pleasures at home, or spent weeks at a time away from his estates at the chase. She had never loved him, and he soon cooled in his affection for her, so that their temporary separation was no hardship for her, and he could meet her when he pleased at court.

The story of her life now becomes very interesting, as she assumes influential position in the Prussian royal household, and becomes, in reality, the governess, or chief of the corps of court ladies. Her wisdom and prudence were frequently a strong defense for many who would have done unwise things had it not been for her. Her delicate tact and perception, as well as good judgment, are frequently seen by little entries in her diary in regard to her daily life. One of the young ladies was so beautiful and delicate that she was known to the court as the "Fairy," and was the controlling feature of the court life at Magdeburg. In her diary one day the countess writes of her as follows:

"I went to-day to the beautiful 'Fairy's', who had invited us to coffee. [This, in Germany, is an informal gathering at a friend's after dinner, where they chat over 'coffee,' instead of gossiping over 'tea.'] An old French woman came in and insisted on telling our fortune, which

consisted solely in a great deal of nonsense, and ending by the assurance that we would soon hear good news, which we earnestly hope may be true. Count Watersleben then came in, who usually plays the fool. On my return home, I was delighted to hear the 'good news' that the Russians had evacuated Berlin on the 12th, fearing the return of the king from Silesia."

Again on the 25th of October: "I am preparing to-day for communion, and rode with my husband to early Church. At twelve o'clock we went for the second time, and Pastor Sucrow made a most beautiful and edifying prayer. When I came home, I performed my devotions, and remained for the rest of the day quietly in my room."

January 25th.—"I was again to-day at the 'Fairy's' at coffee, but even there it seemed to me dull and tedious. In the evening, the Prince of Nassau gave a grand supper, where the 'Fairy' and I were both invited. Before supper they played Pharaoh, and after supper they played blind-man's-buff. Every body was in a merry mood, and the company did not break up till two o'clock in the morning."

February 4th.—"Was at court in the evening. The poor queen was in a terrible humor, and said the most desperate things. This moodishness is a frightful fault with her. She insists that every body shall flatter her, and yield to her in every thing, and this makes every conversation as painful as disagreeable."

April 20th.—"In the evening we were at the Princess Amalia's, who always indulges in the craziest notions. She insists that at her next party the gentlemen shall appear dressed as ladies, and has fixed this ridiculous masquerade for next Wednesday."

April 22d.—"To-day every body was at the Princess Amalia's, who had decreed that the gentlemen should appear as ladies, and ladies as gentlemen. She herself wore the dress of a clergyman. I wore a riding-dress with a round wig, and the Countess Finkenstein did the same. The

Princes of Nassau and Wrede were really in full lady's costume, but both were furious at their unseemly disguise. Geuder came as a servant girl, fixed up in the most burlesque style. After supper the music appeared, and they tried to dance, but it was a failure. They soon gave it up and tried to play cards, but this also fell through, and thus ended, very early in the evening, a very foolish undertaking."

At the close of the Thirty Years' War, Frederick the Great returned to Berlin, and, at the command of the queen, the countess also came, as maid of honor at her court, a procedure that was made practicable on the part of her husband by his appointment of Court Marshal. For thirty years now, until the death of the Marshal, their life was about the same; the Winter was spent in Berlin, and the Summer at some of the Baths or royal estates. On one of her Summer visits with her daughter, the latter made an acquaintance that ripened into a family alliance; but before this should take place, it is beautiful to see the great care of the countess in having her daughter carefully prepared for this solemn event. She removed her from the distractions of court life, to a retired estate of her grandmother, where the child, under the special teaching of a worthy clergyman, could extend her religious education; and shortly afterward she was confirmed, and admitted to communion. This day was observed as a solemn family occasion, and all their relatives came from a distance, to be present at the sacred ceremony. A few weeks later, the marriage took place, and the separation from her daughter proved a serious grief to the devoted mother.

The countess had now reached her forty-second year, and court life had lost its charms for her. She had no domestic life, for her husband was devoted to worldly and noisy pleasures. At the death of Frederick the Great, Frederick William the Second, the son of her former admirer, ascended the throne, and he proved a very gracious friend to her, as she proved too generous and forgiving

to his many weaknesses and shortcomings. He was the most indifferent of all the Prussian monarchs to his marital ties, and forms a strong contrast to those who followed him. He became entangled with her own niece, and thus brought upon her another round of troubles and heart-burnings. These sorrows form the burden of a goodly number of entries in her diary. The king was urging a morganatic or left-handed marriage with the niece, and the countess was trying to prevent it.

She says, under date of November 8th: "I see clearly that she loves the king, in spite of all her denial. It grieves me terribly."

December 2d.—"After dinner, the king talked for a long time with my niece, and I fear a tragic end for her honor and that of my family. I have always said that she should never have been allowed to come to court."

December 8th.—"The king is compromising himself fearfully. For his own sake, I wish he might come to his senses and be a man."

This affair ended in this curious manner: The king and the young lady were married by the court preacher, in left-handed marriage, giving the left hand instead of the right, because he was already married by the right hand to the queen. The consistory declared this marriage right in the eyes of the Church, because Melancthon had permitted a double marriage to Philip of Hesse. About this shameful case the countess thus speaks in her diary: "It grieves me deeply, and, with the best will in the world, I can not suppress a feeling of disgust at a thing which is so wrong in itself, in spite of all the plausible reasons which they may adduce. As to my niece, her conscience will soon tell her this clearly, and will not be quiet."

We now hasten to one of the most touching scenes of the narrative. The French Revolution had broken out, and its sequel was the humiliation of the Germans by the inroads of the French Emperor and his vassals. Frederick Will-

iam the Third was on the throne of Prussia, and his wife was the "good Queen Louisa." It was the beautiful lot of the countess, in the evening of her life, to gain the unlimited confidence of Louisa, whom she always calls, in her memoirs, her "good angel." While yet crown-princess, Louisa gave birth to the present emperor, and the Countess Voss was the first who bore him in her arms, and declared him to be a "splendid little prince," in which declaration the eventful history of the great Protestant emperor has not belied her words.

On the flight of the royal family, at the approach of Napoleon, when Prussia seemed on the eve of dissolution, a deep melancholy seized her heart; and she thus laments: "My old birthday. To-day I count eighty years, which God, in his merciful grace, has permitted me to live. When I reflect how this life passes as a dream, and yet remember all the misfortune and sadness that I have experienced, I can not enough say that all these things are sent by God for our real good; that is, for our future and eternal welfare. For the three years that our poor dear sovereigns have suffered the most incredible sorrow, through this detestable Corsican, my heart has been bowed down by grief. If only one hope, one ray of light, remained to us that things might change! but, so long as this wretch lives, as a scourge to mankind, we have nothing to hope."

On the 19th of July, 1810, she stood at the dying couch of Queen Louisa; she saw the noble sufferer's head incline to one side, saw her eyes wide open, gazing toward heaven, and heard her last words: "I am dying; O Jesus, make death easy!" and she was gone. A bitter grief now mars page after page of the diary for the four remaining years allotted to the countess on earth. She became the guardian of the royal children, who clung to her with the most touching affection. The king paid her great honor, and was with her daily, sometimes talking for hours. When he returned from a journey, his first visit was to Countess

Voss, who now began to show signs of increasing infirmity, although her mind remained bright to the last. On the 6th of April, 1814, her diary runs as follows: "My days are full of sorrow as ever; and, withal, I have so much trouble with the governesses, and all sorts of people. I reflect much on the past, the present, and the future; but, for me, the last will not be long on earth. Eternity alone is the important part!" On the 28th of December, she writes: "My hand seems numb and lame. I wrote to the dear king, and sent him a pretty pocket-book." (Christmas present.) In three days, this lameness ended in apoplexy, which struck her while surrounded by company; she was carried to her bed, soon lost consciousness, and died on the morning of the 31st of December, 1814.

This lady of eighty-six years, and most of them so eventful, passed sixty-nine of them at court, in the closest relation with the royal families of all that period. During her life-time, she was the trusted "Aunt" of the two princes that were destined to become kings,—the present emperor, and the brother who preceded him; and it is therefore no wonder that the publication of her continuous diary, at a period when all the actors have disappeared from the scene, except one, has caused a great stir among statesmen and scholars, and is being read by all the intelligent people of Germany. We have given only the salient points, as a rare insight into the early days of a royal family, grown to occupy the most important throne in Europe.

WILLIAM WELLS.

SHAKING HANDS, BOWING, AND SALUTING.

ACTS of courtesy may be merely conventional, or they may be the outward manifestation of the higher inward courtesy. The grasp of the hand had, in all probability, two significations. In the times referred to, when war was the normal state, and man little better than a fighting animal, some mistrust naturally accompanied proffered friendship; each, therefore, grasped the weapon-hand of the other, as a security against treachery. The other idea of clasping hands was, undoubtedly, that of "fastening together in peace and friendship," as Tylor expresses it; and he goes on to trace the etymology of the word peace to this action, finding it in the Sanskrit "pac," to bind. It is now a piece of conventionality to take off the glove before shaking hands with a lady; but this custom began in the days of chivalry, when the glove was a steel gauntlet, a grasp from which might be painful. The bow and

the courtesy are but abbreviations of signs of submission,—but a humanized form of the cowering of an animal before its master's rebuke. At present, it exists in all gradations, from the Chinese "ko-tow," to the slight bend of the head in token of recognition or respect: To uncover the head meant, originally, to remove the helmet, thus laying aside the chief safeguard, and placing the person at the mercy of those present. Women do not uncover the head, never having worn a head-dress as a means of defense. The courtesy shown to women, dating from the age of chivalry, arose not merely from the tenderness of the strong toward the weak, but also from the recognition of something divine in womanhood. Would that this ideal could be sustained! It is only this elevation of the sex that can give it a claim to that courteous treatment that has always been considered its due.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

THE goodness of Providence in the law of compensation is nowhere more visible than in the rocky fastnesses of the Switzer's land. Its beautiful valleys have a population that they can with trouble support, and when the year is round, it is always clear that the Swiss, if left to their own possibilities, would have a desperate game in trying to make both ends meet. Formerly, many of them left their country for some months in the year, wandering over Europe, and vending the little wares, gloves, and carved work, principally, made by the wife and children during their absence. Then again, very many of them, in former times, would enlist in the armies of foreign monarchs, as mercenary soldiers, especially as private body-guards to the French monarchs, and even to the Pope. These men went merely to serve the rulers that hired them, independent of local revolutions, rebellions, or whatever questions might arise in the countries where they were engaged; and in this way French history, especially, shows examples of kings defended from the frenzied wrath of their subjects by the Swiss guards, until the latter were all slaughtered in their tracks, and the men whom they thus loyally had served were enabled to escape from their own subjects. All this is now changed by the providential fact that other nations have discovered the skill of Swiss fingers, and the sublime beauty of Swiss mountains, and therefore go in swarms to the Swiss themselves, without waiting till the latter would come to them. As a result, the good people of this romantic land now find their hands full in staying at home to supply the wants of the curious and learned, who, every Summer, in such immense numbers now swarm in every part of the country. When the season closed, late last Autumn, the sta-

tistics of the campaign simply surprised the Swiss themselves, showing that perhaps over two hundred thousand strangers had been with them, leaving a large amount of money in return for personal accommodation and attention, and no inconsiderable sum for the thousand beautiful little mementos carried away. It is also a curious fact that this rambling over Swiss mountains was virtually begun by the English, who consider the experience of Continental travel a portion of their national education. And these Britons always affect, in travel, that which is most dangerous and venturesome; they are therefore mostly found among the mountains, and seldom below the snow line. If they can revel among the glaciers, and make a raid on some sea of ice, they are supremely happy, finding only a still greater pleasure in crossing the dangerous passes, or reaching, at the great risk of life, such ætetic heights as those of Mont Blanc. The Autumnal days drive them from the mountains, where the snow falls early, and then they wander in crowds through the valleys and among the lakes, gathering in great numbers around the blue waters of Lake Leman. The stories that, for a generation, have been added to English literature by these bold tourists, have attracted the attention of the world, and gradually brought there strangers of other, and indeed all, nationalities. The Germans are going there every year in increasing numbers, as are also our own countrymen. The most of these visitors care less about dangerous and fatiguing adventures than the English, and are quite likely to keep the high road, and follow what is known as the "grand tour," where they can find comfort in traveling, and the most superb hotels, when the impulse takes them to make a special sojourn near some peculiarly

attractive spot. And this immense increase of foreign travel, of so many different nationalities, has led to the construction of complete caravansaries at all much visited resorts, so that the most exacting, from different lands, can be sure of finding something to tempt their palates as if from the tables of their own national retreats.

AND while on the subject of foreign tourists to Switzerland, it may be well also to allude to the great numbers that are now staying there for quite a period. Very many from other lands, in looking around for attractive and profitable places for a stay of some months or years, for educational and artistic privileges, find themselves better served and satisfied than in almost any other place. And so there are Swiss cities that number their permanent foreign residents by the tens of thousands almost. These are mostly found in Southern or French Switzerland, and along the banks of that lake, one end of which is adorned with the beautiful city of Geneva, and the other by the far-famed castle of Chillon. Nearly twenty thousand strangers are now living in various parts of the Canton of Vaud, and mostly along the northern bank of Lake Lemman, especially in the district of Vevey. Indeed, this entire lake is the favorite retreat of strangers, for several reasons: in the first place, the scenery and the climate are very attractive, as well as the accessibility to all desirable points for special or holiday tours. And then, in the second place, if one desires to take children abroad for the advantage of foreign schools, there are none, on the whole, superior to those of Switzerland; and of these the most popular are found on this lake for miles between Vevey and Lausanne. The advantages for the French language are peculiar, from its general excellence in this region; it is an acknowledged fact that, on the whole, the French can be more accurately learned at Geneva than in Paris; and this can be done also with the double advantage of Protestant schools, and having the children under one's own eye and care. Very many persons who are able to do so—and with careful persons it needs not be a matter of such frightful expense—now go to these places to reside awhile with their children, hiring

apartments and living with all the comforts of family life, and having their children at their own tables and firesides when school-hours are over. When this can be done, there is no doubt about its desirability over the custom of leaving young children, especially, in foreign schools of any kind. Switzerland is emphatically a land of schools, and there is scarcely a large town in the accessible parts of the country that has not some good ones. In the north, as at Zürich and Basle, the advantages are greater for the German, while in the south the French is the vernacular. But in many schools the French and the German can be equally acquired, although a risk in regard to the German is the peculiar dialect of the Swiss, which, in many instances, amounts to a kind of brogue. The only other objection we would note is the presence of so many foreigners, who tempt us to the use of our own tongue instead of the French.

OUR lady readers will surely thank us for telling them why, perhaps, the Viennese are the best coffee-makers in the world; and, to our own taste, we can attest this by actual experience. One of their own poets addresses an affectionate ode to the "cherished coffee-berry, which is sought every morning, then browned, then ground, then brewed with seething water." And this process of browning and grinding every morning is a great part of the secret of good coffee, according to the German and French. Coffee contains a species of oil, and a fixed and a volatile salt. In the roasting, these refreshing qualities are brought out into active existence, and then soon disappear. It is, consequently, of the greatest importance to prepare and drink the coffee immediately, so as to secure the richest aroma. It is quite a disputed question whether it is better to roast the coffee in open or closed vessels. In Europe, this is nearly always effected in closed cylinders; in the Orient, in open pans. The roasting process is one of great delicacy,—just so far and no farther. If the berry is not browned enough, the salts are not developed; if too much, they are destroyed or escape. The question of the manner of pulverization is one of no mean importance: shall it be ground, or pounded fine in mortars? In its home,

among the Arabs, it is always pounded in the mortar, as the Indian pounds his corn. In Europe, it is nearly always ground. And this weighty question has been thoroughly discussed by that great French authority in matters of taste, Brillat Savarin, in his "Physiology of Taste." He made many experiments with ground and pounded coffee, and always found the latter the better. Balzac, the great French novelist, who possessed an immense collection of coffee-pots, of all conceivable kinds, came to the same conclusion. And, then, how shall it be brewed? Here, authorities are most various and perplexing. Some pour cold water on the coffee, let it draw a little while, and then heat or boil the water. Others pour boiling water on the coffee, and let it settle awhile before drinking. But the best European authorities are in favor of the spirit-lamp machine, which can there be obtained every-where. The ground coffee is placed in the receptacle above, which has a wire gauze bottom. The steam produced below passes through the pulverized coffee and seethes it, and then collects in a condensed state on the vessel above, and returns through the coffee in the form of boiling water, extracting the qualities as one would lye from ashes. In France, these machines are known as "percolators," and have a large use in Germany. But even with this, to insure good coffee always, we must adopt the practice of the Viennese, whose motto is, "plenty of coffee recently prepared; and quick work in steaming and drinking it"

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WHILE in company with a hunting-party once, in the mountainous region of Styria, in Lower Austria, we heard more of the famous arsenic-eaters than we were willing to believe, and saw some of the mountaineers and forest men who were said to take arsenic daily to improve their powers for mountain-climbing and endurance,—wind and bottom, as sporting men term these qualities. But there is no doubt but that the custom is greatly increasing, and a large stock of information has just been gained on the subject by a meeting of a scientific association in Gratz, the principal town of that province. The *savants* collected seemed to take the opportunity of being there the first time to gain all the practical information in

regard to that strange custom. And they acknowledge that the stories generally told are hardly exaggerated. Three grains of arsenic are usually fatal, and yet they found hunters and horse-jockeys who will sometimes double this dose. A miner was found who began using it as a youth of seventeen, and had gradually increased his portion until he could take twenty-three grains at a time, without in the least affecting his health. And one's astonishment increases to learn that there are plenty who take good doses, day after day, as the toper takes his bitters. It becomes a passion. And still they are strong men, who do a deal of mountain-climbing, retain their health, and attain old age. One hunter affirmed that he never went on difficult and dangerous hunts without a dose of arsenic, to give him strength and courage. Many of the facts are imparted in a lecture by a local physician, after which he exhibited two arsenic-eaters, whom he had induced to appear before the body; and this he had only effected with trouble, as they seem shy of having their passion dissected. One of these subjects was a tailor, fifty-five years of age, who has regularly enjoyed his arsenic for twenty-five years. He was induced to commence the practice on being obliged to go into a house where many had died of typhoid fever, understanding this to be an effectual preventive. He began with a grain a day, and now ordinarily takes six grains at a time, when he needs to make any unusual exertion. He declares it to be a means of preserving health, and took five grains of arsenic before the company. The second man was an hostler. He learned to take arsenic from seeing it given in small quantities to horses to improve their wind. He began with a small quantity, and now, about once a week, takes several grains on bread and butter, or a piece of pork. Instead of being injured by it, he declares he feels bad when obliged to do without it; and he entertained the gentlemen by swallowing over six grains in their presence. And yet, with all this testimony as to the bliss and profit of arsenic-eating, the *savants* were cruel and inconsistent enough to recommend the Government to pass stringent laws in regard to the sale of the article, so as to restrain its use, which they unanimously condemn.

WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

DURING the past year, the gentler sex seems to have been fully and faithfully represented by able and interesting speakers in convention, at the camp, in hall, and in pulpit, showing, day by day, that "in labors more and more abundant" the women of our time are nobly striving to supplement the efforts of masculine workers in the great field of reform. Mrs. S. M. D. Fry, at the session of the Ladies' and Pastors' Union of the Ohio Conference, is reported to have delivered "a grand address," and is said to be "one of the ablest women of Ohio Methodism." Mrs. Trafton, of Portland, Maine, at the recent organization of a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, delivered an address "of tender pathos and magnetic power, breathing a spirit of earnest consecration and sacrifice." At Lynn, Massachusetts, Mrs. Alderman and Miss Lindsay, on the part of the Society, "were listened to with marked interest and attention." At a district conference, in Ohio, Mrs. Fibley "gave an instructive and soul-stirring address, on the interests of the work of the Society;" while Mrs. Wittenmeyer, Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Johnson, and Miss Willard have spoken eloquently and effectively, upon the great moral questions of the age, at various conventions and before various organizations. In revival work, Mrs. Van Cott, "who, according to good authority, has the misfortune of being a woman," Mrs. Lathrop, Miss Smiley, and Mrs. Lowrie have been actively and profitably engaged. In the temperance work, we find that Mrs. Dr. French, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Partington, of Portland; and Mother Stewart, of Ohio, have been particularly noticeable. The latter lady has been invited to England, to inaugurate in that country a crusade similar to that which was waged in the United States two years ago. Mrs. Dr. French has been delivering medical lectures to the ladies of Portland, and one or two lady lawyers have achieved marked success at the bar. Miss Rankin, "the founder of modern Protestant missionary labor in Mexico," has been presenting her work to many Churches in New York; and Mrs. Lam-

buth, a missionary returned from China, has been soliciting aid for the establishment of a girls' school in Shanghai. Of the Centennial display at Philadelphia, American ladies have not been entirely unmindful, as they have contributed to general purposes of the Centennial \$95,140, and have proposed to raise \$30,000 for the erection on the grounds of a pavilion, to be devoted to the exhibition of the highest type of women's work. There will be specimens of feminine skill in sculpture, painting, literature, engraving, telegraphy, lithography, education, and inventions, finer sorts of needle-work, lace, and crocheting.

—The Women's Centennial Committee of Massachusetts raised eight thousand dollars for the women's building at Philadelphia. Boston contributed six thousand dollars of the amount.

—At a recent Woman's National Temperance Convention, Mrs. Wittenmeyer, the President, stated that she had secured the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, one day during the Centennial, for the purpose of making a great temperance day, and hoped to be sustained in the enterprise. The cost of the hall is three hundred and fifty dollars for the day, June 12, 1876. Tickets of admission, one dollar. Mrs. Bingham, of New York, reported a resolution to request the Centennial Commissioners to prohibit the sale of all intoxicating beverages during the Centennial.

—The women of the past century were by no means deficient in a certain kind of strong-mindedness, as may be seen in the two following paragraphs:

The *Hartford Courant* publishes an item that appeared in that journal in March, 1775, stating that the ladies of Fair Haven parish, having assembled and had a drink of tea all round, unanimously resolved that they would "drink no more of the pernicious weed till the late oppressive acts of the British Parliament are repealed."

It wasn't Mecklenburg nor Philadelphia where independence was first proclaimed, but in a letter from Mrs. John Adams to her

husband. When the king issued his proclamation for suppressing rebellion and sedition, Mrs. Adams wrote to Mr. Adams, in Philadelphia: "This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and, instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and to bring to naught all their devices." This was a declaration of independence preceding by months that which Jefferson wrote.

—The Woman's Christian Association of Washington, with the twenty-five thousand dollars appropriated by Congress, have completed their new building.

—"Half a century is a long time for a Ladies' Church Benevolent Society to exist, yet the Ladies' Society of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church of Cincinnati recently celebrated its fifty-fifth anniversary with a fair and festival."

—The Methodist Sunday-school Society of Richmond, Virginia, recently resolved to support a girls' school at Shanghai, under the direction of Mrs. Lambuth, and a band of Richmond ladies are pledged for the maintenance of a pupil in the Girls' Home.

—Two Christian ladies of Providence, Rhode Island,—Miss Chace, of Central Church; and Miss Anne Kidder, of Brown-street Church,—are under appointment as missionaries, under the auspices of the Baptist Woman's Missionary Society. The former goes to Rangoon College, and the latter to Japan.

—At the recent session of the California Conference of our Church, Mrs. Charles Goodall, the President of the Woman's Missionary Society, delivered an address in regard to the working of the Society. The Society devotes all its efforts to the rescue of heathen women. There are now twenty-five girls in the Mission-house under their care. Many of these were rescued from slavery and degradation of the vilest character. The girls present in the meeting

were modest, intelligent, and happy in appearance. Their singing was good, their voices pleasant, and their enunciation was very distinct.

—Miss Mary Mann, late of East New Portland, Maine, bequeathed to the Missionary Society of our Church five hundred dollars.

—An effort is being made to form a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in every Church belonging to the United Presbyterian body in this country.

—Rev. L. S. Gates and wife, and Lucy R. Drake, missionaries to India; and Misses Carrie R. Ingraham, Emma Lanafern, Annie Smith, and Nettie Smith, missionaries to South Africa, sailed recently for the scenes of their new field of labor. They go out under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

—The Woman's Bible Mission in Baltimore supports two Bible Women at work in China; and a similar association in Nashville, Tennessee, raised, at a festival, the sum of four hundred and one dollars for schools in China. The ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Washington, Alexandria, and Maysville, have organized missionary societies to aid in the great work of evangelization.

—At the meeting of the Synod of Cincinnati, Dr. Humphrey, of Lane Seminary, made an address on woman's work and organization. A resolution was also adopted, to the effect that the Synod urgently recommend the organization of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in all our Churches; and also the formation of Presbyterian Societies, by our Christian women, in the Presbyteries where such do not exist.

—A very interesting meeting of representatives of the various Woman's Missionary Societies of the several Protestant denominations of Chicago was held recently in that city. Mrs. Bishop Harris presided. Mrs. Laffin, of the Presbyterian Society, reported that that organization had raised during the past year \$108,000, and supported twenty-four missionaries, thirty-seven Bible Women, and eighty-seven schools. Mrs. Blatchford reported that the Congregational Missionary Society had raised \$100,000.

ART NOTES.

As the Centennial year opens, we are more and more led to hope largely for the art future of our country. In no department has more encouraging progress been made than in church architecture. We do not now refer to the large, pretentious churches of our great commercial centers alone, but rather to that general advancement witnessed as one journeys through the smaller towns and the rural districts. The displacing of the old by new structures has been the occasion to demonstrate the marvelous strides in artistic taste and demand which our people have made. Every now and then the saunterer through the country is agreeably surprised by a little gem of a church, whose external finish, however creditable, is oftentimes surpassed by a delicacy of taste in the interior, where are exhibited such striking contrasts to the shabbiness or the grotesqueness of the old structures. The Puritan vies with the Churchman in the beauty of his church appointments; all sects and names have come to recognize the desirability of not only more commodious, but more artistic places of worship,—that no real conflict should exist between goodness and beauty. It is seen in the walls, in the altar, the furniture, the books, the windows, and, perhaps as much as anywhere, in the beautifully arranged mosses and flowers that have come to be regarded not only as a most appropriate, but almost a necessary, adornment of the house of God. Nor can we believe that this needs at all cause our religious life to become less vigorous, or abate a jot of our earnestness in soul-saving. We can not sympathize with the notion that thus the piety of the Church is to become tame and effeminate. Doubtless, some of the coarseness and harshness of methods may be removed, but will not the preacher use a weapon of finer temper and keener edge? Would it be a just cause for regret if some of the zealous pugilism of the pulpit should be supplanted by the melting, gentle, beautiful persuasions of Jesus?

— Many will recall the fact that a year or two ago it was determined to present to our

most venerable poet, Bryant, a silver vase, as a testimonial of honor and affection. It was to be of American design and workmanship. When this condition was made public, it was received with a smile of ridicule and incredulity, by many who thought themselves best acquainted with the artistic qualifications of our silversmiths. The first designs were so faulty as to discourage even the hopeful; but, through a very sharp competition, one was at last selected, which, for months, has been in the hands of some of the most skillful workmen of Tiffany & Co., of New York, and promises to be a real gem of its kind. Very competent judges, who have recently examined the parts of this memorial vase (in solid silver), declare that it is fully up, in the delicacy of its engraving, to any similar work recently produced in Europe. It is expected to have this beautiful object ready for the Centennial Exhibition, as an illustration of American progress in workmanship, which has usually been handed over to European artisans.

The University of Rochester, New York, is to place, in one of its halls, a portrait of the late Dr. Hackett, by William Page. The same artist is to paint a full-length portrait of President Eliot, of Harvard, to be placed in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge. The latter is to be a contribution by Eliot's classmates.

— *Scríber*, for January, in its article on "Beds and Tables, Stools and Candlesticks," insists on what every European traveler feels to be a needed change in household management; namely, the substitution of good floors, with rugs, for the present continuous carpet. Aside from the sanitary questions (and these are very grave), and the moral questions of roiled tempers and vexed brains connected with house-cleaning (and who has not felt these to be bothersome?), we claim that rooms may be made more neat and chaste without carpets than with. The present method of spending such sums upon carpets, and so little upon wall and ceiling decorations, is contrary to all principles of good taste. If drawing-rooms are to be used

for the reception of large companies, their usually crowded condition prevents the visitor from appreciating even the most exquisite harmony of color or figure; it is under these conditions, at best, a broken and inharmonious mass. But the general absence of carpets on the Continent of Europe, and yet the attractive and wholesome rooms which often greet the wearied traveler, show that, with a different distribution of the same amount of money,—transferring from the floor to the walls and ceiling more of the artistic adornment,—our homes may be made, not only more wholesome, but also more truly chaste and beautiful.

— Even Turkey seems to lead this Government in its provisions for art encouragement. She has a Minister of Fine Arts, who is a regular member of the Sultan's cabinet. This minister is a pupil of the celebrated French artist, Gérôme, and is making a collection of paintings of some of the best French artists. Thus is the Frank paying back to the old Byzantine empire something of that art and literary treasure and stimulus which, six centuries ago, helped to dissipate the darkness of the West.

— To the old Gothic architecture belongs the almost singular merit of perfect truthfulness. When a form ceased to have meaning, it was frankly given up; people did not, as in most other styles, weakly cling to the dead carcass. This evidences, instead of the weakness and darkness usually attributed to the Middle Ages, a freshness and independence of thought, rare in the history of humanity, and a wealth of artistic conception, employed in making every new necessity beautiful, which few races have possessed. If we could but do likewise, the result of working on the principles of Gothic architecture would be something very different from pointed Gothic. We should have no pointed windows, and quatre-foils, and buttresses which receive no thrust. We should not have, in stone-work, chamfer-stops at the angles of the windows, simulating wooden framed work, and all sorts of ugly and unmeaning notchings, and roofs so steep that they endanger men's lives. We should ruthlessly abandon forms that are unsuitable, which are not developed by our modern necessities, even though we love and admire

them for their beauty. Can it be said that the Gothic revival has exhibited these signs of the true Gothic spirit? On the whole, certainly not; and we fear that such vices as appear in it are almost inseparable from the attempt to apply a thirteenth century style to present use; that the Gothic style is, in fact, *the artistic expression of an obsolete mode of construction.*—*J. J. Stevenson, in Harper for January.*

— "Is music the mere pastime of an idle hour, the empty recreation of a leisure too luxurious to undergo the tension of persistent thought? To the tired sufferer, the lingering sweetness of the nocturn speaks of a blessed peace not far to seek; to the robust thinker, the sonata and symphony present his profoundest thought, arrayed in an alluring loveliness that seems caught in some golden vale of the region of dreams; to the searcher after spiritual excellence, music is able to furnish those beautiful reasons and mysterious incantations which Plato speaks of as essential to the purification of the soul; to the emotions, music is the subtlest teacher and discipliner. From the lofty atmosphere which environs the compositions of the masters, all low and vulgar and mean feelings have been banished. Music compels us into associations with the life-experiences of noble souls; of it, perhaps, may be said, in a sense not predicable of any other art, that it forces us into becoming the very emotions and thoughts of the artist; our puny individual life melts away into the broader life of the soul that, knowing 'the way, the truth, and the life,' labors to utter its burden of prophecy unto all men."

— References have been made, from time to time, to the art frauds alleged to have been practiced by certain American sculptors in Florence and Rome, in that they have palmed off, upon the public, marbles which were original neither in their model nor in the execution, but both the work of hired Italian workmen. This charge created no small excitement among the artists, both American and Italian; and it culminated recently in a suit brought in the Italian courts by Mr. Conolly, the sculptor, against Mr. Healy, the writer, for heavy pecuniary damages and penal punishment, for alleged injury and defamation. Very able counsel were em-

ployed on both sides, and, after six days of trial, the civil damage was not sustained, but the penal charge was sustained, and Mr. Healy sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment and one thousand francs' fine. Both parties having appealed, there is promise of a very protracted and bitter struggle. The whole affair can result in nothing but serious damage to all parties, and, most of all, to those worthy and honest artists whose orders have been canceled by the suspicions aroused by this harsh accusation and acrimonious war.

— Great mistakes are committed by men who are generally supposed to be competent judges of the fitness of enterprises which they project. Certainly, the committee who are proposing to raise funds, to place a portrait of the late Vice-President in Faneuil Hall, are making a sad blunder in limiting the sum to be paid for this work to \$1,000. Better neglect the matter altogether than place an inferior painting of so favorite a citizen in the historic Faneuil Hall; and certain it is, that no competent artist would consent to undertake the work for this sum. None but the very best art is worthy such a man and such a place; and therefore will not the country insist on being allowed the privilege to increase this sum sufficiently to employ our best American artist in this memorial work?

— The efforts of some States, notably Massachusetts, to introduce a system of art instruction in the common-schools, have been regarded with anxious interest by many who have long pondered the question of industrial art in America. It is well known that Mr. Walter Smith, a graduate of the South Kensington Museum, has had the direction of this art effort in Massachusetts. The success attained is judged of very differently by different critics. A class of writers have been unsparing in their praise of the methods and results of Mr. Smith's efforts; while another and equally intelligent class have spoken with much dissatisfaction of both. Doubtless, there has existed a rivalry between Mr. Smith and authors of other series of drawing-books; and the attempt to supplant each other in the public-schools, and elsewhere, may, unconsciously, have unduly prejudiced both parties. The recent report

of the Boston School Committee, which is accompanied by drawings of some of the pupils, reproduced by the heliotype process, has given occasion for renewed criticism of the entire system. Aside from some gross inaccuracies which have been claimed to exist in Mr. Smith's books (generally used in Massachusetts), the whole theory, upon which the instruction proceeds, has been charged with a stiff and vicious mechanical routine, which can by no possibility cultivate in the pupil any true artistic spirit. It is urged that the pupils are shut up to the copying of dead forms, rather than made acquainted with living nature, and thus brought into sympathy with beauty as God reveals it. Certain it is that drawing, as too generally taught, and we fear in Massachusetts as well, leaves the pupil uninspired, cold, and insensible to the real beauty of nature, and totally ignorant of that moral element in art without which it is formal and dead.

— "Arts are actively developed when they are associated with and express the manners and customs of a nation; but, when separated from those manners, to form, as it were, an institution apart from them, the arts decline, gradually become shut up and isolated in academies, and presently adopt a language and a manner of expression no longer rational. Then, art is like a foreigner, only occasionally entertained, and strange to the ordinary life of the people; and, finally, it disappears, for it becomes an embarrassment instead of an assistance; it pretends to rule, but has no subjects. Art can live only when free in its expression, but submissive in its principles; it dies when, on the contrary, its principle is forgotten and its expression enslaved."—*Viollet Le Duc*.

— "Famous Painters and Paintings," by Mrs. Julia A. Shedd, is a book which aims to give a concise account of the chief artists from the eleventh to the nineteenth century. A sketch is given of each painter's life, together with his distinguishing characteristics as an artist, and a description of his principal works. It is chronologically arranged, and handsomely illustrated with portraits of the artists themselves, or engravings of their works. It is an unpretentious but useful work.

SCIENTIFIC.

OBSERVATIONS ON ZODIACAL LIGHT.—

Professor Heis has published the observations of this phenomenon, made by himself at Munster, and by Herr Weber at Peckeloh, during the last twenty-nine years; the position of the zodiacal light having been noted by Professor Heis on 287 nights, and by his friend on 134, forming a remarkably fine series of observations. In his introduction, Professor Heis gives a brief summary of the phenomena seen by other observers, among which may be mentioned an inner cone or core, as it were, seen by Herr Eylert during a voyage in the year 1873; the faint light opposite the sun's place, discovered by Brorsen in 1854, and since seen by Heis and others; and the extension of the zodiacal light right across the heavens, forming a complete semicircle, which, however, appears not to have been in all cases coincident with the ecliptic. Though Professor Heis has not discussed his observations with a view of testing any hypothesis, he gives as his opinion that the zodiacal light is a ring surrounding the earth; but whether inside or outside the orbit of the moon, he leaves others to decide, from simultaneous observations in the northern and southern hemispheres.

STUDY OF THE SOLAR SURFACE.—

The following is a brief extract from an interesting paper read by Professor Langley, of Alleghany Observatory, at the recent meeting of the American Association, giving the result of years of study upon the solar surface: "The light of the sun is absorbed by its atmosphere, not in the same; but in a greater, proportion than is heat. A long series of experiments shows that much more or less than one-half of the radiant heat of the sun is absorbed or suffers internal reflection by the atmosphere itself. Observations indicate that this atmosphere (speaking comparatively) is extremely thin; Professor Langley is inclined to regard it as identical with the "reversing layer" observed by Dr. Young, of Dartmouth, at the base of the chromosphere, though the chromospheric shadow perhaps be taken into ac-

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count. The importance of the study of this absorbent atmosphere becomes evident, if we admit that the greater part of the 500° which separates the temperature of the temperate zone from absolute zero is principally due to the sun's radiation. To this atmosphere, new matter is constantly being added and taken away by the continual changes of the interior surface. Any alteration in the capacity for absorption, say a difference of twenty-five per cent, which could hardly be recognized by observation, would alter the temperature of our globe by 100°. The existence of life on the earth is clearly dependent on the constancy of the depth and absorption of this solar envelope. Hitherto, calculations have been chiefly confined to the diminution of solar heat by contraction of the sun's mass,—an operation likely to go on with great uniformity. But here is an element of far more rapid variation. If changes in the depth of this solar envelope are cyclical, they would be accompanied by cyclical alterations of the earth's temperature. This may serve alike to explain the characteristics of variable stars and the vast secular changes on earth indicated by geology.

THE GERMINATION OF SEEDS.—

Some interesting experiments on the growth of seeds have been conducted by M. Uloth. These were undertaken with a view to determine whether seeds could be made to germinate in ice, and the process may be described as follows: Seeds of various species were placed in grooves made in cakes of ice, and over the grooved surface other plates of ice were laid, and the whole removed to a cool cellar in January, and there they remained till the following May. An examination then made disclosed the fact that many of the seeds had actually germinated, the roots penetrating into the ice. It is but natural, says *Appleton's Journal*, that facts of this startling character should give rise to controversy; and so we are not surprised to learn that opposite views are entertained as to whence the heat needed for the process of growth was obtained. In the opinion

of the experimenter, it was obtained, or rather liberated, in the growth of the roots while forcing themselves into the ice.

THREE CURIOUS DISCOVERIES.—A note, in a late number of the *Scientific American*, gives an interesting account of three discoveries made at the recent examination of the bottom of an old Roman well, located near the hot springs of Bourbonnes les Bains, in France. "After the excavation had been thoroughly drained, and a thick layer of refuse penetrated, the first discovery was made in the bringing to light of thousands of small metallic objects of art. These included ornaments, statuettes, and coins,—the last of silver, gold, and copper,—dating back to the time of Nero and Hadrian. Beneath the layer of ornaments, etc., a second layer was found, composed entirely of fragments of sandstone, which, together with the metallic objects, were completely covered and held in masses by metallic crystals, evidently deposited by the water above. These crystals were subjected to careful investigation, and, as a result, they have been pronounced of such a nature that geologist would unhesitatingly ascribe their formation to natural causes, working through ages. That such is not the case is plainly evidenced by the known eras of the coins, above which they have formed. It will be seen that this circumstance, which constitutes the second discovery, may throw serious doubts over a large quantity of important geological deductions as to lapses of time, when the same, as is the fact in many instances, are wholly based on supposed slowness of formation of similar deposits. The third discovery relates to the fragments of sandstone. By comparing these with other pieces, already found in similar localities, the investigators have concluded that such fragments were thrown into the wells, as votive offerings to local divinities, by the ancient inhabitants of the country; and that the same custom, continued through centuries, accounts for the presence of the much more recent Roman money. A chain of proof, mainly circumstantial, has been elaborated, which refers the stone fragments to the neolithic epoch, in prehistoric ages, and further shows that the pieces probably represent the earliest money used by man."

HABITS OF BLIND CRAWFISH FROM MAMMOTH CAVE.—In November, 1874, Professor Putnam collected a number of blind crawfish in the Mammoth Cave, which he kept alive for several months afterward in Massachusetts. The habits of these animals, and the reproduction in them of lost parts, are the subject of a communication by Professor Putnam, published in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History. The animals eat but very little in captivity. When food is dropped into the jar where they are kept, they dart backward, then extend the *antenna*, and stand as if on the alert. The animal continues in this attitude for several minutes, and then cautiously crawls about the jar, with *antennae* extended. On approaching the piece of meat, and before touching, the animal gives a powerful backward jump, and remains quiet for a while. It often repeats this three or four times before touching the food; when it does touch it, the result is another backward spring. When it has become satisfied that there is no danger, it takes the morsel in its claws and conveys it to its mouth. "I have twice," says Professor Putnam, "seen the meat dropped as it was passed along the base of the *antenna*, as if the sense of smell, or more delicate organs of touch seated at that point, were again the cause of alarming the animal. When the jaws once begin to work, the piece of meat or bread, if very small, is devoured, but, if too large, only a few bites are taken, and the food is dropped, and not touched again." A detailed account is given of one of the specimens, in order to show the mode of reproduction of members lost in battle or by accident. This specimen was captured November 13th, being then perfect in all respects, except the right large claw, which was as yet rudimentary. The entire length of the crawfish was not quite two and a half inches. From November 14th to 24th, it lost in battle most of the *antenna*; the third, fourth, and fifth legs from the left side; the fifth leg, and the two end joints of the third, on the right side. January 28th, the shell was cast, and the crawfish came forth with a soft white covering, which was nearly two weeks in hardening. All the legs which were perfect before were now of the same size, but, in addition, the right large claw was developed

to one-half or two-thirds the size of its fellow, and was apparently of as much use. The two missing joints of the third leg on the right side were also developed, though not quite to their full proportions. The fifth leg on the right side, and the third, fourth, and fifth legs of the left side, were reproduced, but in a small and rudimentary degree. The *antennae* were about two-thirds their full size. On April 20th, the shell was cast again; the crawfish had now all the legs and claws nearly perfect. The great claw of the right side was very nearly as large as that of the left. The tip of the third leg of the same side was perfect, and all the legs that were before rudimentary were now developed, apparently, to their full proportionate size, with the exception of the last on the right side. *Antennae* developed to full length. From these observations it will be seen that the parts are not reproduced in perfection on one shedding of the shell, but that each time the shell is cast they are more nearly perfect than before. These facts strikingly illustrate a law that runs through animate nature, beginning with the vegetable and extending to the highest mammalia. The wounded tree or shrub heals itself, and sends forth new shoots to replace the lost. And the healing of the flesh, which has been cut or burned, is the same working of the law. The same phenomena, described above, may be observed in the common fiddler crab of the New England coast.

HABITS OF THE LEAF-CUTTING ANTS.—

From a very interesting article upon Anent Ants, in a late number of *Popular Science Monthly*, by Mr. E. R. Leland, the following extract is taken: "One of the most interesting of the American species is the *Sauba*, or leaf-cutting ant. The workers of this species are of three orders, and vary in size from two to seven lines. The tree-working class of the colony is formed by the small-sized order of workers. The two other kinds have enormously swollen heads; in one of these the head is highly polished; in the other, opaque and hairy. Their domes, or outworks, are very extensive, some of them being forty yards in circumference, but never more than two feet high. The entrances are small and numerous; in the

large hillocks, a large amount of excavation is necessary to get at the main galleries; the minor entrances converge, at a few feet below the ground, to one broad, elaborately worked gallery, or mine, four or five inches in diameter. These underground abodes are very extensive. The Rev. Hamlet Clark relates that the *sauba* of Rio de Janeiro has excavated a tunnel under the bed of the river Parahyba, at a place where it is as broad as the Thames at London Bridge. At the Magoary rice mills, near Paris, these ants once pierced the embankment of a large reservoir, the great body of water which it contained escaping before the damage could be repaired. The habit of this ant, in clipping and carrying away immense quantities of leaves, has long been recorded.

"When employed in this work, their processions look like a multitude of animated leaves on the march. They mount the trees in swarms. Each one places himself on the surface of a leaf, and cuts, with its sharp, scissor-like jaws, a nearly semicircular incision on the upper side; it then takes the edge between its jaws, and, by a sharp jerk, detaches the piece, which is about the size of a dime. The heavily laden workers troop up and cast their burdens on the hillock; another relay of laborers place the leaves in position, covering them with a layer of earthy granules, which are brought up, one by one, from the soil beneath. It has not been shown satisfactorily to what use the leaves are put. It was formerly supposed that they were consumed as food. Mr. Belt, however, who observed the leaf-cutting ants in Central America, and gives a full and interesting account of them in his 'Naturalist in Nicaragua,' arrives at the conclusion that the leaves, which they gather in such enormous quantities, are used to form beds for the growth of a minute fungus, on which they and their young live. Fritz Muller, writing from Brazil, says that he has always held this view, and that an examination of their stomachs under the microscope confirms it."

PRESERVING MEAT.—A new process has been proposed for the preservation of meat, by placing it in an atmosphere of compressed air. Meat thus prepared is said to be as sweet to the taste as when fresh.

NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

HISTORICAL BLUNDERS.—It is easy to understand how a rapid speaker, in the heat of a discourse, may make blunders in quoting from history; but in the deliberation of the study, with their libraries at hand, and their imagination sobered by the labor of the pen, it is almost unpardonable for writers to perpetrate them. What shall we say, then, of such a blunder as the following? We quote from an essay on language by a distinguished author, a long-time editor, and a good scholar: "Plato, Cicero, *Tully*, and many others of the ancients, were led to conclude that the alphabet was no human invention, but a gift of the immortal gods." If the writer were quoting from first sources of information, he might know that *Tully* is only the other name of the great orator whom he mentions. Equally amusing is a blunder in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Speaking of the preservation of the precious metals, the writer in question says: "In the wars and convulsions of society, it has changed hands, but it could not be destroyed. Alexander and Tamerlane and *Timour the Tartar* and Mahomet might overrun the world, burning, destroying, and melting its more fragile riches like frost-work. But the money of the vanquished was useful to the victor for his own purposes." A school-boy might have told the author that *Timour* and *Tamerlane* are the same name. *Timour* or *Timur* was, from his lameness, nicknamed *Timurlenk*, corrupted into *Tamerlane*.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.—It is interesting to trace some surnames back to their original meanings. The name *Latimer* is a writer of Latin; *Barker* is synonymous with tanner; *Milner* is an old form of miller; *Lander* is a contraction of *lavandier*, a washer-woman; *Banister* is the keeper of a bath; *Tupman*—a name familiar to the readers of the "*Pickwick Papers*"—means a breeder of rams, which used to be called "*tups*." The names *Spinner*, *Fuller*, *Tucker*, and *Dyer*, are derived from the wool manufacture carried on by Flemish colonists, who settled in New England. As a general rule, says Mr. Lower,

all names terminating with *er* indicate some employment or profession; *er* is believed to come from the Anglo-Saxon *wer*, a man; hence *Sayter* is saltman; *Miller*, millman; *Webster* is the old feminine form of webber, *Spinster* of spinner, *Brewster* of brewer.

LEGENDS OF THE APPLE.—The apple, which, as well as we know, is the first fruit mentioned in the Bible, has been the occasion of various legends and superstitions. In Arabia it is believed to charm away disease, and produce health and prosperity. In some countries the custom remains of placing a rosy apple in the hand of the dead, that they may find it when they enter paradise. The Greeks use it as a symbol of wealth and large possessions, thus attesting their esteem for the fullness and richness of its qualities. In Northern mythology the apple is said to produce rejuvenating power. Germany, France, and Switzerland have numerous legends regarding this fruit. In some countries it is celebrated as the harbinger of good fortune, causing one's most earnest desires to be fulfilled; in others its beautiful properties are shown forth as bringing death and destruction; others again speak of it as an oracle in love affairs; this is especially the case with the Germans, not only in their numerous tales, but in some surviving customs. In England, as well as in our own country, is known among school-girls the popular use of the apple seeds in divining one's sweetheart. The peeling is also used as a test in this delicate matter.

BLUSHING.—Darwin, in his new work, on "*The Expression of the Emotion in Man and Animals*," has an interesting chapter on blushing. This act, he tells us, is the most peculiar and the most human of all expressions. Animals never blush, although monkeys redden from passion. We can not produce blushing by any physical means,—it is the mind which must be affected; and blushing is not only involuntary, but the wish to restrain it increases the tendency. While the young blush more freely than the old, infants do not blush; women blush more than men; the blind and deaf do not

escape. It is usually the face, ears, and neck only that redden; the blush does not extend over the body; but certain races who go habitually nearly naked blush over their arms and chests, and even down to their waists. The limitation of blushing to exposed parts is explained by the fact that these portions of the surface have been habitually exposed to the air, light, and alterations of temperature, by which the small arteries acquire the habit of readily dilating or contracting. Hindoos blush but little; the Chinese rarely blush; the Polynesians blush freely; the young squaw of the American tribes has been seen to blush; the Kafirs of South Africa never blush, neither do the Australians.

PHILADELPHIA. — "Philadelphia" is a Greek noun, signifying a person affectionate to his or her brothers or sisters. It is derived from *Philos*, a friend, and *Adelphos*, a brother. Philadelphia, or Philaphia, means brotherly love. There were three cities in ancient times bearing this name:

1. A city in Lydia, south-east of Sardis, at the foot of Mount Tmolus, deriving its name from its founder, Attalus Philadelphus, so surnamed from the fraternal love he displayed toward his brother Eumenes.

2. The capital city of the Ammonites, situated among the mountains of Gilead. It received its name from Ptolomy Philadelphus, so called from the affection entertained by him for his sister Arsinoe, whom he married; or, as some say, in satire of his cruelty toward his brother.

3. A city of Cilicia Thracia. Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, is called after the first of these cities, the seat of one of the seven early Churches.

DYNAMITE.—This substance, which is said to have caused the recent explosion on ship-board at Bremerhaven, is also known by the name of "giant-powder," and was invented by a Swedish chemist named Nobel. It is chiefly used for blasting purposes, and is the most powerful explosive agent known to chemistry. It is composed of finely pulverized silex, or silicious ashes, or infusorial earth, found in Hanover, Germany, and known as Kiesselguhr. It will absorb and retain three times its weight of nitro-glycerine, and has the consistency of, and closely

resembles, brown sugar. If ignited in the open air, and not confined in any space, it will burn quietly, emitting nitrous fumes. It is generally recognized as the safest of all explosives, as it is not liable to explode by light shocks, like pure glycerine, and is not affected by high temperature. It is usually exploded by a fuse or cap. Its greatest danger, according to M. Guyot, a French chemist, arises from the fact that the nitro-glycerine is liable to separate from the mixture and assume its original state, when it may explode upon receiving a slight concussion.

MORE FOREIGN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.—An antiquarian finds several curious illustrations of the ignorance of Englishmen, in regard to our country, in Thackeray's "Virginians." Thus the great novelist makes Madame Esmond, of Castlewood, "Westmoreland County," a neighbor of Washington, at Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, fifty miles distant; and a regular attendant on public worship at Williamsburg, half-way between the York and James Rivers, full one hundred and twenty-five miles from Mount Vernon; and so "immensely affected" are the colored hearers of a young preacher at Williamsburg, that "there was such a negro chorus about the house as might be heard across the Potomac,"—the nearest bank of which is fifty miles away. Thackeray makes General Braddock ride out from Williamsburg (he never was there) in "his own coach, a ponderous, emblazoned vehicle," with Dr. Franklin, "the little postmaster of Philadelphia" (Franklin's average weight was one hundred and sixty pounds), over a muddy road in March, through a half wilderness country of more than a hundred miles, to dine with Madame Esmond, in Westmoreland County, near Mount Vernon.

A NAME FOR SUBMARINE TELEGRAMS.—Some one proposes four words as etymologically correct, to designate what are often called *cablegrams*. They are formed, after the model of *telegram*, by their combination of the Greek word "gramma" (a writing) and either "oceanos" (the ocean) into "oceanogram," "thalassa" (the sea) into "thalasagram," "pontos" (the deep sea) into "pontogram," or "hals" (the salt sea) into "halogram."

SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

THE INGOT OF GOLD.

IN the outskirts of Bremen dwelt a poor day-laborer, called Peters. Married young, to a woman of his own rank, he had a numerous family, whose wants he could not always satisfy; and it was not without consternation he saw a seventh baby make its appearance.

One day, he had no work, and had no bread to give his children. The tears of those innocent creatures raised such agony in his breast that he left his hut in despair, and sat down sadly by the wayside.

"What will become of me," thought he, "if I want work a day longer? My children must die of hunger. Even if I find them food to-day, to-morrow will come, and what will to-morrow bring? This increasing dread unnerves me, and paralyzes my strength. What a miserable future is before me!"

Just at this moment there passed along the road the venerable Dr. Hetzel, the most respected physician in the district. Although learned, he was rich; he was kind, too, and despised not ignorance; for he knew that, were all the world instructed, learned men would not make quite so much show. On seeing the miserable appearance of the laborer, the Doctor stopped, and said,

"Come, what is the matter? You appear to suffer."

Peters told his artless tale,—the tale of so many,—and burst into tears.

"If you do n't kill despair, despair will kill you," said Hetzel, adding, "come with me; I know how to cure you."

Peters required no second invitation; he jumped into the Doctor's carriage; they reached the town, and pulled up at a fine house. The physician led his *protégé* to the library.

"Look," said he to the workman, pointing to something under a glass shade, "that is an ingot of gold, worth three hundred thalers. I received it from my father, the poorest of Hanoverians. In spite of his poverty, he saved a groschen a day; it took him fifty years to amass this. When I inherited it, I was as miserable as you; dread of the

tomorrow had more than once made me wish I was dead. But, from the moment I possessed these three hundred thalers, my courage revived; I no longer feared the future. Love of work and the example of my father animated me; my fortune was made. I kept my ingot like a charm; Providence so willed that I should keep it unbroken. I give it to you. If you are wise, you will imitate me; and then some day you can offer to some unfortunate what I offer to you to-day."

Peters thanked his benefactor, and returned in delight, with his ingot of gold, to his hut. He told his wife his happy adventure. After much reflection, they buried the treasure in the cellar.

The next day, he was at work again. Contrary to his wont, he sang all day. His master, who was acquainted with the troubles of his workman, asked the cause of his good humor.

"If you do n't kill despair, despair will kill you," replied Peters.

"A very good idea," said his master; "but remember this too: if the head does not guide the tool, the tool will not support the head."

"I shall remember," answered Peters.

He did remember. No longer troubled by uncertainty, he concentrated his whole mind on his work, and soon surpassed all his companions in the workshop. He still had some bad days,—who has not?—but he bore them with a light heart. He knew why, happy man! Who, having a secret hoard to fall back upon, will not gayly bear a few hours of misery? At such a time, he would say to his wife, to prove her:

"Suppose we melt the ingot?"

She would merely smile, for she knew it was a joke.

Peters was no longer afraid to borrow from his neighbors. One does not hesitate to ask a favor when one has it in his power to bestow one. His neighbors had always been willing to oblige him; if they had not helped him, it was only because the laborer had never asked their assistance; and, in this world, who asks nothing, gets nothing.

Soon his gains sufficed for his wants, and he could do without help.

As may be supposed, the two spouses had often talked about the good Hetzel; the wife was always charmed with the origin of the ingot. She calculated that, by laying by a groschen a day, she would have a thaler in seventy-two days, and five thalers five groschen in a year. A woman who calculates becomes economical, and an economical woman insures the prosperity of her household.

As the saying goes, blessings never come single. A rich man in the neighborhood wished a forest cleared. Peters at one time would never have dared to undertake such a job, although quite fit for it; poverty makes a man timid. But now he had acquired self-confidence; he ventured, and succeeded.

With what he gained from this he bought a field, which his children cultivated. Children are troublesome enough when idle, but are a fortune to whoever knows how to employ their little strength to advantage.

Peters entered on other enterprises. Being honest and hard-working, he was sought after; every year he saved a good sum, with which he bought more land.

Prosperity thus based on order and work must increase; so that, at the age of fifty, Peters was the richest proprietor in the district. He often said to his wife:

"How deeply ought we to bless the memory of the charitable Hetzel! All his predictions have come true; we are rich, and we have kept our ingot."

One Winter evening, a poor traveler knocked at the door. Peters received the stranger hospitably, and gave him the warmest corner at his hearth. Touched with the kindness of his hosts, the unknown told his tale,—unfortunates have ever the same story, the eternal struggle of poverty against necessity. Peters, in turn, told his history,—in which the ingot of gold was not forgotten. The stranger looked round in astonishment, and could not help saying:

"Why do you dwell in this miserable hut when you can possess a comfortable mansion?"

"That is the secret of our prosperity," said the wife; "we understood how the Doctor's father saved a groschen a day."

"Yes," said Peters, "we changed nothing in our way of living; because, having been brought up to privations, we are content with necessities. One requires not indulgences of which one is ignorant; our children, educated in the school of poverty and work, have learned the value of money; with our inheritance they will be happy, having no tastes above their position."

"This is true wisdom," said the stranger. "My parents, with blind kindness, brought me up as if they had been rich; they endured hardships themselves, to make life easy for me; 't is their fault that to-day I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Have you already forgotten the miraculous ingot?" cried Peters, joyfully, running to dig up the treasure from the cellar, where, for the last twenty years, it had lain concealed.

"May this make your fortune, as it has made mine!" said he, presenting it to the traveler.

"Alas," said he, having examined it, "it is but a lump of copper."

"'T is impossible," cried Peters and his wife in a breath.

They rubbed and polished every side of the ingot till it shone like a mirror.

"'T is copper still," said the stranger, examining it again; "but what is this writing on it?"

"We know not," said Peters, "we can not read."

Then the traveler read:

"Truth may make wise men, but fancy makes more happy men."

"If a fool may enjoy the wisdom he believes he has, a poor man may enjoy the treasure he believes he has."

"'T is not so much the want as the fear of to-morrow that makes the poor unhappy."

"To fear the future is to poison the present, and bring about the catastrophe you dread."

"Walk fearlessly in your destined path of life, and you must arrive at the end."

The stranger, having read this, said:

"I accept your present, with thanks; this piece of copper is worth more to me than three hundred thalers. Besides its good counsel, it teaches me that to follow good advice is better than to find an ingot of gold."

J. BENNETT.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

A BEACH MEETING AT OCEAN GROVE.—It had been a beautiful Summer day. "A holy quiet reigned around;" throughout the entire day not a discordant sound was heard; all seemed serene and lovely,—as lovely as a Sabbath could be on earth. We never visited anywhere and found such hallowed Sabbaths as at Ocean Grove.

The sun was yet quite high, although the bell from the pavilion rang out the hour of six o'clock, when from all points,—from the avenues, tents, and cottages,—men, women, and children could be seen wending their way (some bearing camp-chairs, shawls, and water-proofs) down toward the central point of interest, namely, the foot of Ocean Pathway. Ocean Pathway is a graveled walk, some twelve or fifteen feet wide, we imagine, and extending directly from the grove to the beach, several hundred yards long. It is an inspiring sight to watch these groups of eager, happy faces hurrying toward the grand old ocean. But why hurry? Is there not room enough on the beach for all who might want to go? Yes; but just at the foot of Ocean Pathway stands a small pavilion, and just outside of this, in the sand, between the pavilion and the ocean, a meeting is to be held; and this is the nucleus around which persons, desirous of hearing, gather. Hundreds have arrived already,—although the meeting does not begin for half an hour yet,—and have succeeded in making themselves as comfortable as the circumstances will allow. Those who have brought camp-chairs find it pays for the trouble of carrying them, even if they have come considerable distance; those who are not so fortunate seem perfectly contented, and, in many cases, prefer to be seated down in the sand. Still the multitudes come, until it seems as if the whole beach, at this one point, was dotted with a mass of human beings. Those who have witnessed these gatherings will be apt to remember the emotions that pervaded their hearts when seeing one for the first time. With God's sky painted with the lovely hues of sunset for a canopy, God's boundless ocean reflecting the bright hues directly in front of us, it seems at times as though

the "pearly gates" were not far off from such a scene.

Presently the minister stands up, and, at sight of him, hundreds of voices cease talking, while he gives out the hymn:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.
He is calling 'Come to me,'—
Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee."

Who can imagine the power of singing under such circumstances,—thousands of voices, mingling with the roar of old ocean, uniting in singing praise to God? A prayer is offered, then the meeting thrown open for volunteers to raise the banner for their Master. During the course of the meeting a sister arose; yes, a *sister*, although of sable skin, yet her soul, made white in the blood of the Lamb, shone out in her face as she sang alone the lines:

"What means this eager, anxious throng
Which moves with busy haste along?
These wondrous gatherings, day by day?
What means this strange commotion, say?
In accents hushed, the throng reply,
'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.'"

As she sings these words, in a clear, silvery voice, the "throne" are ready to acknowledge that Jesus of Nazareth passed by indeed and in truth; all hearts are thrilled; and, as the hour draws near to close the meeting, and the closing hymn is announced, thousands of voices join in singing,

"In the sweet by and by,
We will meet on that beautiful shore,"

then reluctantly turn their faces toward the grove, never more to meet *all* again until in the "sweet by and by."

Praise God for the precious influence of the Beach Meeting at Ocean Grove. We believe many, many hearts have been touched through these instrumentalities.

MARY C. CLARK.

THE ARABIC BIBLE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.—The *Liberia Advocate* has for its motto the words, "Christian Liberia, the open door for heathen Africa," and a recent number of the paper contains a striking il-

illustration of the proposition thus expressed. Some two years since, the *Advocate* issued a circular in Arabic, addressed to the chiefs in the center of Africa, inviting them to come to Liberia for traffic, and offering them instruction in laws, civilization, and religion. The bread thus cast upon the waters was found after many days; and there came at last an answer from a Mohammedan in Futa Jallo, who had never seen a Christian man, but had read the Arabic Bible. The printed book had gone into that country in advance of white men, in advance of newspapers and correspondence, and had found an attentive and interested reader in the heart of Africa. Perhaps, like another traveler of old, the treasurer of Queen Candace, this interesting man, though conversant with Arabic, may not understand all that he reads, and may be now waiting for a teacher like Philip to guide and to baptize him; but it is a most significant and encouraging fact, that these Scriptures, translated by Eli Smith, and carried through the press of the American Bible Society, under the eye of Dr. Van Dyck, should have found their way to his hands, and, without a word of note or comment, should have gained such a place in his esteem.

THE ROMANISTS AND PUBLIC-SCHOOLS.—The Roman Catholics of Dubuque, Iowa, have openly declared war against the public-schools. At St. Patrick's Church, in that city, the pastor recently gave notice from the pulpit that the sacraments of penance and the holy eucharist would be withheld from all parents who persisted in sending their children to the obnoxious institutions. Elsewhere the same opposition is manifested, but notably in Ohio and New York. All Catholics who patronize the public-schools are under the ban of the Church.

NUMBER OF MINISTERS.—In England and Wales, there is one clergyman to each 718 of the population; in the United States, there is one to each 879. Neither England nor the United States, however, are nearly so well supplied with priests and parsons as are certain other countries. In Russia, there is a priest to each 323 of the population, which is only another way of saying that the clerical army of the Czar numbers 253,081 men. In France, there is one priest,

monk, pastor, or minister to each 235 of the population, or 158,629 in all. In Italy, there is one to each 143 of the people, or about 190,000 in all. And in Spain,—most blessed of all lands,—there is a priest to each 54 of the population, 315,777 in all. In Russia, France, Italy, and Spain, however, the men in religious orders of all grades are included in these numbers. The whole number of clergymen and ministers, of every kind, in England and Wales is 31,632; and in the United States, it is 43,862.

AN ENGLISH PHILANTHROPIST.—Sir Josiah Mason, the wealthy pen-manufacturer of Birmingham, England, has built in that city a scientific college, at a cost of \$500,000, and has endowed it with a gift of \$150,000. Besides this, he has sold his business, and intends to give the proceeds, about \$500,000, to the college. He has already built in Birmingham an orphanage and almshouse, which cost \$1,250,000.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF RICHMOND.—The Richmond (Virginia) *Dispatch* publishes the religious statistics of that city. There is a total Church membership of 26,958, but the total Catholic population is given in their columns, and that total, as given, is only 4,845. Applying the statistical rule of three, the Protestant population should be 66,339. But the most suggestive fact remains to be stated. The Protestant Churches have increased their members by 2,103 in the last year; the Catholic population has increased only thirty-two in the same time. That is the way the Romanists are taking the South. If the Church Extension and Freedmen's Aid Societies among the Protestants are as active in the future as at present, we need have no fears of their ultimate success.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.—At the eighth annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions (Congregational), held in Boston, January 4th, the total receipts for 1875 were reported as \$72,000. Three new branch societies were formed, making twelve branches in all, and over 800 auxiliaries. Five new missionaries have been sent out, making now fifty-nine missionaries in all; besides fifty Bible women and native teachers in all. The Society has spent \$42,944.28 for the "Constantinople Home Building."

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

THE scientific spirit of the age has communicated itself to history and biography. Truthfully accurate Carlyle's despairing cry, in reference to human carelessness in recording events, "O for a date!" has affected the age, and biography now receives quite as much attention on its arithmetical as on its romantic side. The story of a man's life is no longer a hap-hazard heaping together of dates and incidents, strung together without due attention to truth in fact or accuracy in statement. Traditions are sifted, and, if found mythical, are remorselessly rejected, though venerable with years, and savoring strongly of probability. When a prominent man dies, the pens of writers, whose only chance for immortality lies in linking their names with greatness as its biographers, leap from their racks to give to the world the history of the departed, often with a haste that borders on the indecent. Nowadays, no sooner is a distinguished individual reported sick than editors or reporters write up his biography in advance, all ready to put to press so soon as the breath of the subject shall have left his body!

John Forster is an eminent example of a biography writer of the discriminating, thorough, and careful stamp. The first volume of the *Life of Jonathan Swift* (two others to follow) is published by the Messrs. Harper. In his Preface, the author says, "Swift's later time, when he was governing Ireland as well as his deanery, and the world was filled with the fame of his 'Gulliver,' is broadly and intelligibly written. But as to all the rest, his life is a work unfinished, to which no one has brought the minute examination indispensably required where the whole career has to be considered to get at the proper apprehension of single parts of it." Swift's life has been written often enough; but "Johnson did him no kind of justice," because he did not like him, and Walter Scott had too much other work on hand to do; so Mr. Forster steps in, after Swift has been dead a hundred and thirty years, to do the work properly which others have done imperfectly or slightly. He comes to the rescue of the fame of a man

who has been called "an apostate in politics, an infidel in religion, a defamer of humanity, the slanderer of statesmen who served him, and the destroyer of women who loved him," all which Mr. Forster pronounces "monstrous and incredible." We must wait for his concluding volumes, to see how he will make out his case. His materials are ample for making up an impartial judgment. "More than one hundred and fifty new letters, Swift's note and account books," unpublished pieces, in prose and verse, and many other aids, which we need not now enumerate. This first installment is admirably done, and the public will await the remainder with impatience, to learn for themselves, through Mr. Forster's valuable aid, what sort of a man really was the greatest politician, pamphleteer, satirist, humorist, and civil and ecclesiastical governor of the last century. His relations to Varina, Vanessa, and Stella, will be more accurately defined, especially the latter, whose marriage with Swift is still as mysterious as that of Madame de Maintenon with Louis XIV. This first volume is got up in the Harpers' best style. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

The Life of Lord Byron, by Emilio Castelar. This review of the life and career of one of England's great poets, is brimful of the eloquence of the great Spanish patriot and orator. The poet is a great favorite with the poetic orator, who sees in all his faults and follies only the extravagances and eccentricities of genius. Byron was unfortunate in his descent, in his father, in his mother, in his boy love, in his first poetical venture, in his marriage, in his habits and associations. According to Senor Castelar, he was not to be held to the ordinary rules of life and morality. Indeed, he seems to the Spanish critic, as he has always seemed to us, a brilliant madman, whom his wife rightly suspected of lunacy. It is impossible to describe the splendid halo with which the great patriot orator of this century surrounds his hero. The reader must witness for himself the transfiguration. (Harper & Bros., N. York; R. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Farm Legends, by Will Carleton, promises to be as popular as "Farm Ballads." The trick of hiding a lover in a churn is an old English, and not an American, farm legend. The visit of the committee to the school-master is full of happy hits and ludicrous situations. Carleton, like Bret Harte, is master of the sympathetic as well as the funny. (Harper & Bros., New York; Robt. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Reminiscences of Fort Sumter, by General Abner Doubleday, will be welcomed as a valuable addition to the story of the war. The supineness of the Buchanan Government, the traitorousness of the Southern leaders, the inactivity of the commanders, and the hazards of the little band, are all graphically and truthfully delineated. (Harper & Bros., New York; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Commentary on the New Testament, for Popular Use, by D. D. Whedon, LL. D., Vol. IV, embracing 1 Corinthians and 2 Timothy and all inclusive. It is needless to praise this popular work, so much of which is already before the public, doing God and the people service. The Preface contains the important announcement that one volume more will complete the New Testament, and that the Old, in competent hands, is all in process of being fully and carefully annotated, so that, ere long, the public will be in possession of a commentary on the whole Bible, in thirteen volumes. To Dr. Whedon's memory it will be

"Monumentum ære perennius."

(Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

ONE of the most beautiful books issued by Nelson & Phillips last year was *Summer Days on the Hudson*, by Rev. Daniel Wise, drawn from all available sources, and illustrated by over a hundred illustrations. No more entertaining book can be read by adults, even those familiar, as we are, from end to end, with the magnificent Hudson; and none more instructive can be put into the hands of children and youth. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

Butler's Analogy—another edition of the immortal and profound Bishop of Durham's treatise on the philosophy of religion; pref-

aced with a sketch of his life, with copious notes; and an Appendix, prepared with "special reference to the wants of students in higher institutions of learning;" useful also for teachers, ministers, and all others who desire acquaintance with this great work. By Joseph Cummings, D. D., President of Wesleyan University. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

The Wesleyan Demosthenes: Select Sermons of Rev. Joseph Beaumont, by Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D. D. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) Dr. Beaumont was one of the most gifted orators that ever entered the Wesleyan pulpit, as well as one of the most judicious democratic reformers that ever sat on the floor of the British Conference.* In eloquence and popularity he was the rival of Robert Newton. For years, Newton was the Cicero, and Beaumont the Demosthenes, of the Wesleyan pulpit and platform in Great Britain. He dropped dead in the pulpit in 1855, while reading the opening hymn. Dr. Wakeley's volume gives fifteen of his discourses, which will give the reader a faint idea of his powers; but the biographical and anecdotal sketches of the first eighty pages of the book are worth its price, and worthy the attentive perusal of every lover of sacred oratory, and of every one who aspires to usefulness in the pulpit.

Daniel Quorm, and his Religious Notions, by Mark Guy Pearse. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) Here is a racy story of the life, and a record of the sayings, of an illiterate Wesleyan class-leader. It has often been a surprise to us that the lives of so few Methodist class-leaders have been given to the world. While the Methodist class-meeting has often been criticised, and even ridiculed, for its humdrum, stale, and sometimes hypocritical recitals of religious experience, it is, on the other hand, certain that no more eloquent things have been said in the Methodist pulpit than have been said, sometimes by the ignorant and illiterate, and sometimes by the educated and refined, in Methodist class-rooms. Quorm was an ill-educated, one-eyed shoemaker, full of quaint apothegm, fervent and rude, burning, extem-

pore eloquence, which burst out, on occasions, in a fiery stream. Romance is no more interesting than this truthful volume.

Little Graves: Choice Selections of Poetry and Prose, with a Preface by Mrs. N. W. Wilder, substituted, we suppose, for the "Introduction by J. G. Holland," which does not appear. Too much of one kind of poetry for the general reader, but a treasury of gems for those, and they are many, who mourn over "little graves." (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

Social Impurity, by Rev. J. J. Fleharty, of the Central Illinois Conference, published, for the author, by Messrs. Hitchcock & Walden, handles several common social vices in a plain way, pointing out their origin and remedy: "Careful training, healthy restraints, self-denial, industry, prudence, and stringent legal enactments, must combine with the Gospel to produce reform."

Christians and the Theater, by Rev. J. M. Buckley, a cool, clear, unimpassioned, forcible presentation of the theater question, by

one of the coolest and clearest-headed of argument-makers. He discusses the character of the plays in use, and the character and influence of actors, and comes to the conclusion, so often reached, that the theater can be reformed neither from within nor without. It is not generally known that the metropolitan theaters derive a heavy proportion of their patronage from chance visitors from the country,—Christians, who would not go to the theater at home, and who only go in New York, and perhaps only once in a life-time, are among its best patrons!

Mehetabel: a Story of the Revolution, by that very popular story-writer, Mrs. H. C. Gardner. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

God's Way; or, Gaining the Better Life, by Mrs. M. A. Holt, author of several stories of like character. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

Jessie in Switzerland. (Nelson & Phillips, New York; Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MARCH is the worst month of the whole twelve. It is between Winter and Spring, and, in our rough, northern climate, has much of the former and little of the latter. A position of betweenity is always ill-favored. It is better to be positively hot or positively cold, positively wet or positively dry, positively pleasant or positively unpleasant, than to be hanging upon the skirts of two separate conditions. March is in the position of the social conservative, too mild for one side and too rough for the other. But why did not our calendar-makers begin the year in the Spring, and begin the Spring itself with the commencement of the vernal equinox, what is now the 21st of March? That is early enough for the commencement of Spring, which would then end, where Spring ought to end, the 21st of June. Or, put the beginning of the year eight days

earlier than it now begins, on what is now the 21st of December, which would perhaps be the less violent change in the calendar.

Our good old grandfather used to say, "March is a trying month for old people." It was the month in which he and his wife went to the better world.

March, 1776—what were our forefathers doing? Planning their Spring campaign. And March, 1877—what will it bring? The memories of many dead, who were alive to welcome the incoming of the Spring of the Centennial year. It will bring also the inauguration of the new President of the United States, an event fraught with the weal or woe, directly, of the forty millions under his immediate control; and, indirectly, the welfare of the hundreds of millions that lie outside of our own great and flourishing land.

SPARRING OF THE TITANS—In the January number of the *Quarterly Review*, Doctors Curry and Whedon lock horns over "organic" and "inorganic Methodism." Dr. Curry insists that Methodism grew up, on American soil, somewhat spontaneously, through the apostleship of Philip Embury and Robert Strawbridge, two of Mr. Wesley's Irish converts, who constituted societies that were Scriptural Churches, organized by men who were called of God and the Church to preach the Gospel, and of course qualified to administer the sacraments of the Church,—since the call to preach, the chief ministerial function, implies the power to minister the ordinances, which are secondary and subordinate to preaching. He shows, also, that Congregationalism, Independency, Presbyterianism, are as good as Episcopalianism, if a Church prefers one form rather than another; and that Methodism has been successfully organized, in different branches, under all these forms; that the coming of Mr. Wesley's "assistants," with their ideas of High-church sacramentarianism, over-slaughed Strawbridge and Embury, and the work already in existence, and created (he seems to imply) high notions of ordination, the efficacy and sanctity of sacraments, and of Church power and prerogatives.

Dr. Whedon thinks John Wesley, and not fiery little Strawbridge or carpenter Embury, was the one who had a divine call to found a Church in America, and who, while from prudential considerations he would not interfere with the State Church in Great Britain, had not the slightest hesitancy in creating a new Episcopal Church on the soil of an independent Government, and who, therefore, ordained a head to that Church. Dr. Curry calls Dr. Coke's ordination a "unique affair." Dr. Whedon thinks it "one of the grandest acts of Wesley's life," one which made the American Methodist Church, in form and forever, Episcopal, the form desired by the great body of the founders of Wesleyanism in America.

Dr. Whedon thinks the great success of Methodism due, largely, to organism. To our thinking, this was only one out of many elements that contributed to the success and spread of Methodism. In England, it was a popular dissent from State Church formalisms. In America, it was the "rough and

ready" style of religion, adapted to a new country, a Church that did not require expensive edifices and salaried ministers, that could be run with few ministers, cheap ministers, local ministers,—or by the laity, with no ministers at all. In the Eastern States it was a popular revolt against hyper-Calvinism, and every-where against ritualism and close-communionism. Its great element of success, every-where, was its life and fire, its extemporaneous preaching, praying, singing, and worship, and, above all, its *lay ministry*, a ministry fresh from the people, and of the people, separated by no wide gulf of special sanctity, special power, and special prerogative. All the old ecclesiasticisms did the religionizing *for* the people. In Methodism, every member of society was expected to work, to speak, to pray, to exhort, to sing, to work out his own salvation, and pay for it in work (on its human side), as he went along, and not to be saved by priestly proxy. The irate Romish editor of the London *Tablet* recently called the Bishop of Winchester a "layman," as he surely is in the Roman view, and as we all are in the view of all High-church ecclesiastics. For the claims of these High-church ecclesiasticisms, not one Methodist preacher in a thousand cares a rush. Let British and Romish prelates fight it out on their own plane. If we are "called of God" and the Church to preach the Gospel, we may be satisfied with any mode of induction into office that the Church, in representative council assembled, shall prescribe.

Methodism made its greatest conquests when it was most conscious of spiritual power, and had least sense of organisms. In the East, Buddhism, with its lay ministry and its entire absence of machinery and organisms, by the simple use of missionary fervor in its tracts and lay ministrations, pervaded the whole Orient, and entirely outstripped Brahminism, which has cast-iron organism.

Dr. Curry's great fear, if we may judge from his tone in many utterances and many ways, is the gradual grafting and growth of an Old World ecclesiasticism on these New World lay ministries. It is a misfortune, perhaps, that the Methodist Church ever adopted and naturalized the word "bishop," in view of all its bad associations in all the

later Christian centuries. The State took the name Republic, and called its chief officer "President." In the Old World sense, "king and bishop" are exceedingly obnoxious to republican ears, and naturally account for the dread the Wesleyans and several minor branches of the Methodist Church have of the introduction of that, the germs of which are already apparent in the Church, bishop-worship.

Primitive bishops were simple ministers of the Gospel, presiding over individual Churches, sometimes over cities and limited districts. As the Church grew, they grew in importance and in assumption, and the Church became a gigantic despotism.

Our bishops are men of sense, and fully aware that, ecclesiastically considered, the bishop is only *primus inter pares*, and a part of the great lay ministry which is the pride as well as the saving power of Protestantism. In criticising Dr. Myers, Dr. Whedon shows as decided a dread as Dr. Curry of "a body of life-tenured irrepressible bishops, which might be indefinitely increased, with full power in successive conclaves to concoct plans of assumption, and that would be a permanent oligarchy." "A bishop has been, for centuries, the most absolute despot in Christendom." Despotism does not grow up in a day. It grows up little by little, by insensible encroachments. In the Republic, the Constitution not only throws safeguards around the liberties of the people, and imposes restraints on the presiding officer, but it limits the term of service of that officer to four years, and the popular voice lays its interdiction upon a third term re-election, not that the Presidential office has ever been abused, but through fear that it may be, as it has been by ambitious aspirants in France, Mexico, and South America.

It is possible that, to stay the rising tide of ecclesiasticism, the Methodist Church in America may be driven to make its general superintendency a limited term, and not a life-tenure. If this is to be done, we should do it while the Church is in a formative and plastic state, and not wait till some Hildebrand consolidates it into a despotism, under which millions may writhe, and writhe in vain.

The nearer the ministry is kept to the people, the better. A few months ago we

were lamenting the absence, in a newly erected church, of a door back of the pulpit, to serve as a private entrance and exit for the preacher. "No," said one of the official brothers, "we want no such exclusive entrance. We want the preacher, when he enters the pulpit, to go right up from among the people, and when he leaves it to come directly out of the pulpit and mingle with the people again." There was a world of Protestant sense and good Christian philosophy in the observation.

CHANGE OF FRONT.—Daniel Quorm, an eccentric, illiterate, one-eyed Wesleyan class-leader, whose biography and sayings have just been published by our Book Concern, had an original way of chronicling prominent events in his personal history, by marking a line around a verse of Scripture appropriate to his circumstances. After the death of his mother, he concluded to marry, and drew a circle around the verse, "It is not good for man to be alone." His wife turned out a shrew, and, six months later, the hen-pecked husband black-lined the passage, "Art thou loosed from a wife? Seek not a wife."

OUR ENGRAVINGS. — In every age since the incarnation of our Lord, the Christian faith has had its witnesses who have sealed their testimony with their own blood. None of the great persecutions of the Christians, from Nero to Decius and Diocletian, was without feminine testimony to this belief, and young girls as well as mothers and aged women, went to martyrdom in the serene hope inspired by the Gospel. Our picture represents a Christian maiden condemned to the wild animals in the Roman circus. But who has dared to throw her a rose? Was it some young patrician, enamored of her constancy and courage, or some fellow-believer who thus showed his sympathy? That last token of pity has withdrawn her gaze from the savage beast, and she glances around among the eager crowd of spectators, to see if she can discern the friendly face. It is thy last earthly greeting, steadfast maid! One brief moment more, and thou shalt receive the more welcome greeting: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

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